

The Listener

Published every Wednesday by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. XIII. No. 330

Wednesday, 8 May 1935

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS	PAGE	PAGE	
SILVER JUBILEE ADDRESS (His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury)	763	The American Half-hour: Chicago—the Orderly City (Alistair Cooke)	804
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1910-1935: A Radio-Dramatic and Historical Survey (composed by Professor Harold Temperley)	765	Playing with Prices (Sir William Beveridge)	806
THE LISTENER:		A Cricket Bat in the Making (R. Woodrooffe)	807
The King's Jubilee	778	THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:	
Week by Week	778	The London Music Festival (Harvey Grace)	798
THE CINEMA:		RELIGION:	
Filming Plants and Animals—Ingenious Creatures (Cherry Kearton)	782	Sharing the Gospel by the Printed Word (Rev. C. E. Wilson)	802
PSYCHOLOGY:		POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
Custom and Conduct—The Power of the Instincts (Henry A. Mess)	784	German Youth Discussion—Conundrum from the Cotswolds — Jubilee Decorations — Where the Cuckoo Lays her Eggs—Sex Relations Outside Marriage	808
ART:		BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
This Year's Academy	787	The Listener's Book Chronicle	810
RADIO NEWS-REEL	789	New Novels (Edwin Muir)	814
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:		POEM:	
Freedom that Destroys Itself (Wyndham Lewis)	793	Seventeen Faces (William Plomer)	797
Danubian Clues to European Peace—The Fall of the Habsburg Empire (Professor R. W. Seton-Watson)	794	SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES	viii
In Praise of the Old Caledonian Market (C. M. Franzero)	799	THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD	x
LATE SPRING BOOK SUPPLEMENT			

Reviews by Forrest Reid, Dr. Charles Singer, Leonard Woolf, Professor W. M. Tattersall, Hamilton Fyfe, M. D. Calvocoressi, A. J. Cummings, H. W. Nevinson, Dr. Albert Mansbridge, Louis MacNeice, S. K. Ratcliffe, Paul Nash and L. E. O. Charlton

Silver Jubilee Address

By His Grace THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Broadcast during a service in preparation for the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty King George V, held in the Concert Hall, Broadcasting House, on May 5, 1935

THE service in which you have been taking part and the words which I am now to speak are meant to be a preparation for the prayers, thanksgivings, and rejoicings of tomorrow when His Majesty the King will reach the Silver Jubilee of his reign. This is not the occasion to review the events of these twenty-five years. This has been done in many admirable books. I have been asked rather to speak of the King himself. My words will not be merely formal. They will be spoken from the heart and—if I may presume to say so—from a knowledge based upon the kind friendship with which His Majesty has honoured me for forty years.

On the sixth of May twenty-five years ago King Edward passed suddenly from the sight, though not from the memory, of his people; and the Prince of Wales, then in his forty-sixth year, became King. Those who were present on that day at his first meeting with his Privy Council will not forget the mingled dignity and modesty of his bearing and the simple sincerity with which he vowed himself to the service of his Realm and Empire. A year later, on June 22, 1911, with all the stately ceremonies preserved for long centuries, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey.

It fell to me to preach the short sermon at the Coronation. Remembering the words of Our Saviour 'I am in the midst of you as he that serveth', I tried to sketch the ideal of a sovereignty based upon service. It has been given to the King to fulfil that ideal by twenty-five years of service, ceaseless and devoted.

I would ask you to think of him at Sandringham (his own special and beloved home) or at Windsor or at Buckingham Palace or at Balmoral, rising early every day, reading with scrupulous care all the State papers submitted to him, transacting business with his secretaries, then in the late afternoon returning again to the task, and thus acquiring a store of knowledge and experience for the service of the State. All his successive Ministers would bear testimony to the value of a judgment thus informed, and acknowledge that though the King has strong opinions of his own and sometimes gives them vigorous expression, he has always kept in remembrance his responsibilities as a constitutional King.

Yet in the midst of all the daily pressure of State affairs he has ever been mindful of the lives, of the joys and sorrows and cares, of all his people. Thus, for example, you may remember that in the early years of their reign the King and Queen made many journeys through the

industrial districts of the country so that they might see and be seen by all classes, not on ceremonial occasions only, but in the midst of their daily life and work. I was allowed to accompany them on two of these journeys. During one of them a terrible colliery disaster occurred in the very district through which they were passing. Later in the day, instead of resting after long and exacting engagements, the King and Queen quietly and without notice went to the scene of the disaster and spoke to many of the afflicted wives and mothers in their homes. When I went there next day one of these wives said to me with tears in her eyes, speaking of the Queen's visit to her cottage, 'I could not help kissing the floor where she had stood.'

Across the seas, from the days of his boyhood in the *Bacchante*, the King had made journeys to India and all the Dominions and many of the Colonies, and had gained a personal knowledge of his widespread Empire such as no other Sovereign has possessed.

Thus when the Great War brought to the nation the most terrible ordeal which it had ever been called to meet, the Throne meant to the people a man whom they had learned to respect and trust. At once he became the living and personal symbol of the country which called for their service. He visited the Grand Fleet in the far Orkneys, the Armies in France and Flanders, the hospitals at home and at the Front, the munition works in this country. By these visits he cheered and encouraged the sailors in their long and trying vigil, the soldiers in their grim struggle, the wounded in their suffering, the workers at home in their incessant labours. The iron of the awful time entered into his soul: but everywhere he showed in himself and sustained in others the spirit of calmness, courage, and inflexible resolve.

Since then in these so difficult and arduous post-War years I know well how constantly he has thought, how deeply he has felt, about all our anxieties for the maintenance of peace abroad and the recovery of trade and industry at home, not least about the burden of unemployment which lies so heavily upon so many of his people.

You will realise when you think of these twenty-five years that into them has been crowded a series of crises far more formidable than any which disturbed the sixty-three years of Queen Victoria's reign. Throughout all these troubles the King has stood at the helm, anxious indeed, but calm, steadfast, confident. Here I must, if only for a moment, touch a subject on which it is fitting to be reticent. In that inner region of the soul where the foundations of character are laid he has been sustained in daily thought and prayer by a very real and very simple faith in God.

There is indeed another side to the King's personality without mention of which no picture of him would be complete. You would see that other side if you heard his laugh at a good jest or story, or saw him playing with his grandchildren. He is an ardent sportsman. Is he not one of the very best shots in the country? And in the days before his illness, as I myself have sometimes seen, he was

eager to go through all the ardours of a long and difficult stalk in his Highland mountains. With multitudes of his subjects he enjoys the excitement of a horse-race or a great football match. He is seldom happier than when he is racing in his own valiant and venerable yacht *Britannia*. Indeed, in manner, speech and spirit he has kept from his boyhood many of the qualities which have always endeared the sailor to the British folk.

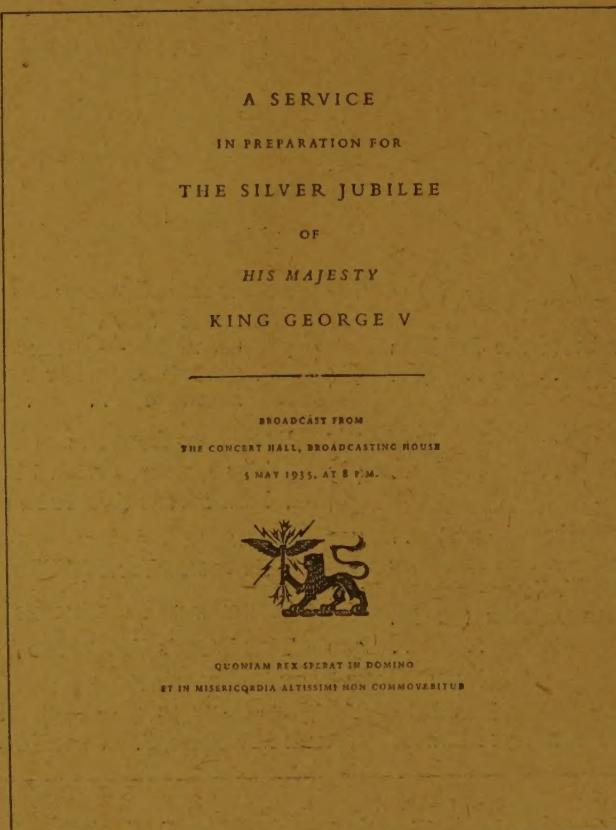
This is the King for whom more and more fully as the years have passed his people have come to feel, not respect only, but a warm personal affection. When seven years ago they waited anxiously for tidings of his long illness they realised what he himself had come to mean for them, and they rejoice the more that he is with them now in health and strength. Beyond doubt it is this personal affection for the man as well as loyalty to the Throne which will tomorrow move the heart of the Nation and Empire.

His place in the hearts of his people is fully shared by our gracious Queen. With our affection she has won our admiration. We admire her dignity—is she not, may I venture to say, 'Every inch a Queen?'—her quick intelligence, her wonderful memory, and chiefly her keen and constant interest in all that concerns the welfare of the people, their work, their health, their homes. During all these anxious years she has been at the King's side giving him the unfailing help of her comradeship and counsel.

I have no time, nor is there need, to speak of the Royal Family. It would indeed be superfluous to speak of the place which the Prince of Wales holds in the nation's life. 'The Prince' is a household word among us. He brings into every part of our public life his vivid and stimulating interest, not least into the cause of the unemployed. Of his sister and brothers I can only say now what I shall say in St. Paul's Cathedral tomorrow—they have brought to all classes and to all parts of the world that personal touch which has moved the whole Empire to adopt the Royal Family as its own.

So, then, the King comes to his Silver Jubilee surrounded by the loyalty and love of all the peoples of his Realm and Empire. You may remember the words of his last Christmas Message—"If I may be regarded as in some true sense the Head of this great and widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection, this will be a full reward for the long and sometimes anxious labours of my reign of well nigh five-and-twenty years". Tomorrow the King will be assured that in fullest measure the reward is his.

You will not, I hope, regard my words tonight as unfitting for a place in a religious service. For surely it is very right and our bounden duty to give thanks to Almighty God, from Whom all good gifts come, for the service and the example which the King and Queen have given to their country. When we look out on the unknown future and on all the anxieties which still surround us at home and abroad we must needs pray that God's merciful Providence will continue to guide and sustain our King and Country. I think that everyone who is now listening to me will tomorrow say the old familiar words with a new reality and warmth of heart—"The King—God bless him".



Title-page of order of service
As published by the B.B.C.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1910-1935

A Radio-Dramatic and Historical Survey of events during the years 1910 to 1935, in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty King George the Fifth, composed by Professor Harold Temperley. Produced by Laurence Gilliam

NARRATOR: Towards midnight of May 6, 1910, Sir Edward Grey and his brother were sitting at the window of a house in Queen Anne's Gate.

GREY: Presently the silence of the deserted street was broken. We leant out of the window and heard the newsvendors calling, 'Death of the King'.

NARRATOR: The news flashed round the world. In Fleet Street the machines were stopped

... new editions rushed out. Express trains rushed through the night with the news. A strange silence fell upon the land. Every heart went out in sympathy to Queen Alexandra. Never was King so well-beloved. To his people a personal friend. To the world a great peacemaker. On that final stroke twelve began a new day and a new reign, twenty-five years ago.

(*Trumpet fanfare*)

HERALD: George V, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King,

Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

NARRATOR: Then the King signed the Proclamation and spoke thus:

THE KING: My heart is too full for me to address you today in more than a few words. It is my sorrowful duty to announce to you the death of my dearly loved father, the King. In this irreparable loss which has so suddenly fallen upon me and the whole Empire, I am comforted by the feeling that I have the sympathy of my future subjects.

... Standing here a little more than nine years ago,

our beloved King declared that, as long as there was breath in his body, he would work for the good and amelioration of his people. To endeavour to follow in his footsteps and at the same time to uphold the Constitutional Government of these realms, will be the earnest object of my life. I am deeply sensible of the heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely on Parliament, and upon the people

of these islands, and of my Dominions beyond the seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers that God will grant me strength and guidance.

I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have, in my dear wife, one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavour for our people's good.

EARLY TRAVELS

NARRATOR: The new King was more widely travelled than any of his predecessors on the throne, or than any previous European ruler. He had been a practical sea-

man in command of ships, and he had visited every part of the Empire and most parts of the world.

In March, 1901, two months after the death of Queen Victoria, the heir to the throne, then Duke of York, set out with his Duchess on their famous tour of the world. This tour was planned to include visits to all the Dominions. The first objective was Australia. Here King Edward had laid a task on his son. Six States of Australia had at last formed a federal Union, and Prince George was empowered formally to open the first united parliament of a country nearly as big as Europe.



Coronation of King George V, 1911
Royal Procession passing down Whitehall

This ceremony was on May 9, 1901. Just as in Parliament Black Rod summons the Commons to hear a message from the King, the Duke of York stood up to read the Royal Commission.

Then the Clerk read the Royal Patent from King Edward VII empowering him, as Prince, to hold a Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia. Then the Prince stepped forward with covered head, the only covered head in that vast assemblage. He read the King's message and ended:

PRINCE GEORGE: I now, in his reign, and in his name, and on his behalf, declare this Parliament open.

NARRATOR: Thus six States and four million persons were united in one, and the Australian Commonwealth was born. Australia still remembers that visit.

AUSTRALIAN CITIZEN: In 1881, fifty-four years ago, I was hoisted on to my father's shoulders to see a smiling midshipman, Prince George, drive with his brother through cheering Sydney crowds. In 1901, twenty years later, my son saw him from my shoulders when he came 12,000 miles to Melbourne to open our first Commonwealth Parliament. In 1934 thirty-three years later still, my son's children sat around our radio set, brought from their beds to listen to the King.

We are his people, we have fought beside our fellow-citizens of the Empire, won and lost games with them, traded with them, shared cold and fatigue with them in the Antarctic, and cheered them when they won our Air Race. To us he is the symbol of our Empire, the understanding leader whose life is devoted to the problems and interests of untold millions of people. God bless the King and send him many happy years.

NARRATOR: After Australia came New Zealand, 'Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart'. It was here that the Duke and Duchess received the most strange of welcomes from the celebrated native tribes of Maoris.

Then there were gifts by Maori warriors—cloaks, clubs, feathers, mats—then came parades and war dances. Said one old Chief:

MAORI: Only one thing was wanting, one of our Chiefs should have rubbed noses with the Duke, and one of the women with Her Grace, the Duchess. That would have fulfilled all that Maori etiquette and custom required on this occasion.

NARRATOR: That Maori welcome finds its echo today.

MAORI: Hearken! A great day has come, bringing the Maori people into the company of our King, the grandson of our much beloved Mother, Queen Victoria, under whose benevolent reign, Maori and Pakeha were made one people, by the Treaty of Waitangi.

We, the Maori people who dwell at the furthermost end of the great Empire, join the assemblage of spirit voices across the sea of Kiwa, in paying homage to our beloved King. We remember with pride and joy his visit to us, now thirty-four years since. Our love and affection for him have continued to grow, until they are greater even than the esteem we have for our illustrious ancestors, who crossed the oceans from Hawaiki to this island of Aotearoa. *Kia Ora Tonu te Tatou Kingi*—(Long Live Our King!)

NARRATOR: A voice of an Anzac veteran recalls other impressions of that visit and memories of heroic New Zealanders on the battlefields of France and Gallipoli.

ANZAC: Across ten thousand miles members of the New Zealand Forces in the Great War pay tribute to the Sovereign whose unfailing courage and devotion to duty has sustained the peoples of the British Empire throughout the strenuous years of his reign. Ever since he came with Her Gracious Majesty the Queen to visit us, thirty-four years ago, we have felt for him the strongest ties of personal affection. Many of us overseas were privileged to see His Majesty visiting his soldiers on the field of battle, and to see Her Majesty visiting the wounded in hospital, and their unceasing interest in our welfare increased our regard.

Looking back over the years, we desire to assure His Majesty of the deep unwavering devotion we cherish for him, his Queen, and the members of his family, and that he may be blessed with health and strength for many years to come, is our earnest prayer.

NARRATOR: Thirty-four years ago these ties were but in the making.

Leaving New Zealand, the tour of 1901 continued to

South Africa, where the future King found two sections of his people at war. By a happy coincidence this Silver Jubilee year of His Majesty marks also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Union of South Africa.

Two speakers from South Africa recall the visit. First a South African of English descent:

SOUTH AFRICAN: Two Royal Princes in Capetown! You can imagine what that meant to a South African schoolboy in 1881. I remember how every self-respecting boy forgot to go to school and went to the Docks instead to see H.M.S. *Bacchante* arrive in Table Bay with the two Royal midshipmen on board.

In 1901 H.M.S. *Ophir* brought one of those naval Princes, by now Duke of Cornwall and York, with his Duchess to visit our city. What a welcome we gave them as they drove up Adderley Street! Looking back on it all now what I seem to remember most is the gracious figure of the Duchess sitting beside her Royal husband. Little did I think that seventeen years later I should be lying in a military hospital outside London and that the King himself would come to visit us. Still less did I think that thirty-four years later these few treasured memories of an ordinary man would form part of the celebrations of a great King's Jubilee.

NARRATOR: Now an Afrikaan-speaking South African.

SOUTH AFRICAN: I have not the good fortune to remember the personal visits of the King to our shores, but as an Afrikaan speaking South African, I am proud to be able to take part with my English-speaking friend in this Jubilee Programme. My story is that of many of my fellow Afrikaans from the Veldt. I have no British blood in my veins. My ancestors were among the *voortrekkers* who left Cape Colony to found independent republics in the North. My father went out on commando in defence of his country. Such a background I sincerely feel gives me a deeper reason to rejoice in the close harmony that exists today among South Africans of both sections, and for which the King stands as a symbol. So in the language of my people I would say: *Lank mag U Majesteit gespaar bly*—(Long May His Majesty Live!)

NARRATOR: From South Africa the Duke and Duchess sailed in H.M.S. *Ophir* across the South and North Atlantic to Canada. They landed in Montreal and made a journey right across the Dominion. Thirty-four years after that visit two voices from Canada tell of the feelings of the people of Canada towards their Majesties. First, a French Canadian:

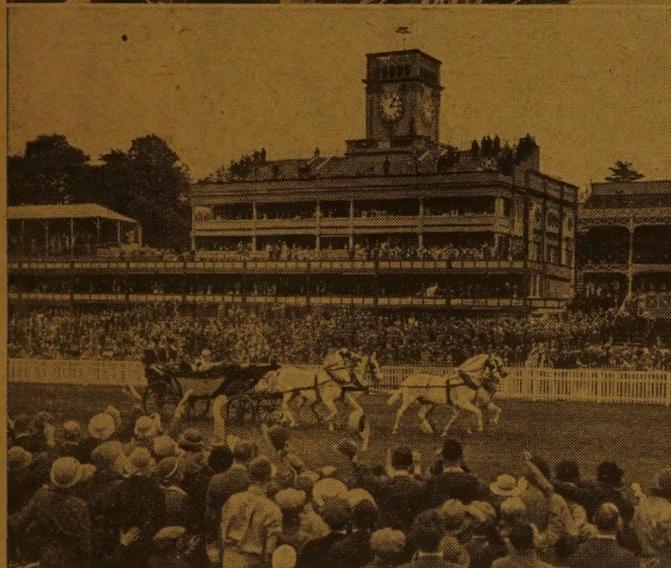
FRENCH-CANADIAN: Les Canadiens Français sont profondément heureux de se joindre aux autres membres de la famille Britannique dans cet émouvant concert d'hommages respectueux à leurs Majestés, concert qui s'élève des quatre coins du monde. Ils prient la Providence de combler de ses faveurs et de ses bénédictions en ces fêtes mémorables du Rallié de leur couronnement, George V glorieusement régnant et notre gracieuse souveraine la reine Marie.

Puissent leurs fervents souhaits témoigner encore une fois de leur indéfectible attachement à la couronne dont ils se proclament avec fierté les loyaux et fidèles sujets. Dieu aidant ils veulent ainsi continuer à jouer un rôle prépondérant dans l'histoire de la patrie Canadienne dont chaque page est un geste sans cesse renouvelé d'amour et de foi patriotique inspiré par la devise si noble de la couronne, Dieu et mon Droit.

NARRATOR: Now a speaker from Ottawa:

CANADIAN FARMER: I am a Canadian farmer. Today I have come to Ottawa, the capital of Cera la, to speak to His Majesty not only as a loyal subject, but also as a fellow-Britisher. I am told that I am to represent my millions of fellow-Canadians in expressing their regard and affection through me to the King-Emperor, who has laboured unceasingly for his peoples over a quarter of a century.

I have heard the expression used 'every inch a King'. I know that His Majesty would prefer me to say of him that he is 'every inch a man'. When I hear his voice speaking to me from the radio in my home on Christmas Day I say to myself, 'Here is a man who understands. Here is a man who is wise and tolerant and one of us'. And because I know he is a man, I love and honour him as the King who today celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of a wise and truly royal rule. On this Jubilee Day I say sincerely to the echo



H.M. the King in various roles

Tiger-shooting in Nepal
At AscotInspecting the Royal Company of Archers at Holyrood Palace
At the helm of the *Britannia*

of the Canadian nation, God bless Their Majesties, God Save the King.

NARRATOR: Duke and Duchess left Canada in October, 1901, and arrived home in November of that year. In the same month the heir to the throne was formally invested Prince of Wales.

So nine years later, in 1910, strengthened and enriched by memories of personal contact with his subjects in the farthest parts of the Empire, the new King faced the problem of kingship.

The first crisis which the King had to face was produced by the House of Lords rejecting the Finance Bill of 1909. In consequence of this defeat, the Liberal Government, under Mr. Asquith, proposed a law to curtail the power of the House of Lords in future. The law would make it impossible in future for the Upper Chamber to refuse assent to a Bill if it was presented from the Commons in three successive sessions. This legislation, known as the Veto Bill, produced the greatest internal crisis of our times and permanently altered the Constitution.

The argument in defence of the Veto Bill was stated by Mr. Asquith on December 2, 1909. An election followed, giving the Liberals and their allies a majority of about a hundred in the Commons.

The close of the year 1910 indicated that the final struggle was at hand. On November 11, Mr. Asquith asked for a new (that is a second) dissolution in that year. On the fifteenth the Cabinet sent a minute to the King:

ASQUITH: His Majesty's Ministers cannot . . . take the respon-

sibility of advising a dissolution, unless they may understand that in the event of the policy of the Government being approved by an adequate majority in the new House of Commons, His Majesty will be ready to exercise his constitutional powers (which may involve the Prerogative of creating peers) if needed, to secure that effect shall be given to the decision of the country.

NARRATOR: On November 16, Mr. Asquith and Lord Crewe, the Liberal Leader in the Lords, were received by the King in Buckingham Palace. This interview is described by Mr. Asquith:

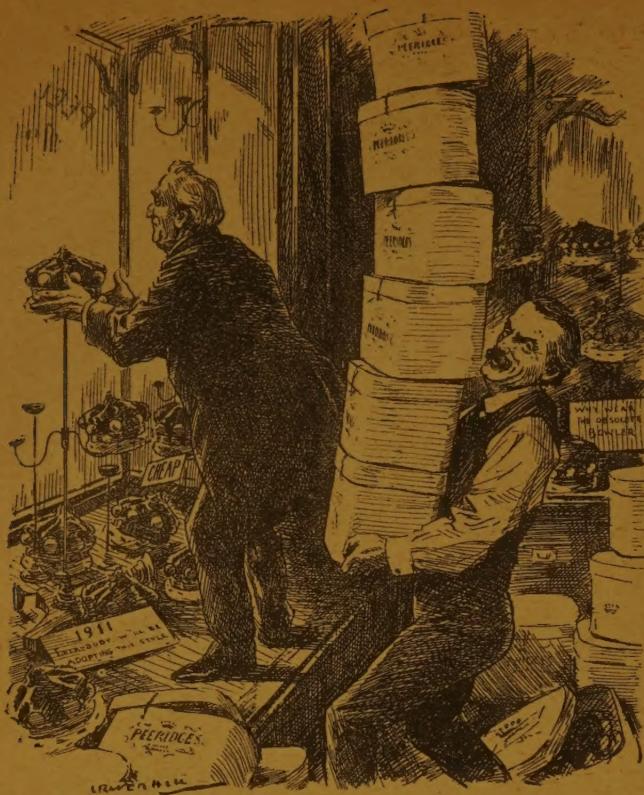
ASQUITH: The most important political occasion in my life. I have never seen the King to better advantage. He argued well and showed no obstinacy.

NARRATOR: Mr. Asquith went away from the interview with the King's assent to the Cabinet's advice in his pocket.

The second election in one year followed and it was one of the stormiest ever known. The Liberals and their allies, the Labour Party and the Irish, were returned to power once again, and again with a majority of about one hundred. Once again the Lords showed no signs of giving way, but there could be no third election.

Immediately after the election His Majesty decided on a step which showed how far he was above parties, and yet how determined he was to hear all sides before any inevitable step was taken. He arranged for an interview between himself and the leaders of the Opposition.

Six months passed without any sign of either party giving way. There was a complete deadlock. Something had to be



THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

OUR MR. ASQUITH. "FIVE HUNDRED CORONETS, DIRT-CHEAP! THIS LINE OF GOODS OUGHT TO MAKE BUSINESS A BIT BRISKER, WHAT?"
OUR MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NOT HALF; BOUND TO GO LIKE HOT CAKES."

'Punch' cartoon (1911) of the Parliament Act crisis
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of 'Punch'

done. On July 14 the Cabinet advised the King 'to get rid of the deadlock and secure the passing of the Bill'.

July 20. The Prime Minister to the Leader of the Opposition:

ASQUITH: Dear Mr. Balfour, Should the necessity arise the Government will advise the King to exercise his prerogative to secure the passing into law of the Bill, in substantially the same form in which it left the House of Commons; and His Majesty has been pleased to signify that he will consider it his duty to accept and act on that advice.—Yours sincerely, H. H. ASQUITH.

NARRATOR: This was the last warning before the matter was decided in Parliament and it was given to the public. So now everything was in uproar. Mr. Balfour replied to Mr. Asquith on the floor of the House of Commons on August 7:

BALFOUR: I may advisedly begin with what I regard as the great wrong that His Majesty's advisers have done both to the King and to the office which the King holds. . . . Sir, the King is the fountain of honour. The Government have determined that the stream that flows from that fountain shall, under their advice, be poisoned and corrupted. . . . Through all these eight months the Right Hon. gentleman [Asquith] with these pledges in his pocket, has, I say, been masquerading as a constitutional Minister when he had, in fact, by the advice which he had given to the King, put himself far above the Constitution by using the Prerogative as no Minister in this country has ever dared use it before, and as no King in the old days of the Prerogative ever dared to use it.

NARRATOR: Passion was at white heat in the Commons, but it was in the Lords that the issue was finally decided. There were three parties in the Lords—the Liberal, headed by Viscount Morley, which was committed to pass the Bill; the Moderate Conservative, which was ready to allow the Veto Bill to pass under protest, so as to avoid creating peers. There still remained the third party. This was the party of the Extremists, or Die-Hard Conservatives, headed by Lord Halsbury. There might be enough of them to defeat the Bill, and in such case, five hundred peers would be created.

On the tenth, Lord Rosebery, a Liberal, implored the Die-Hards not to force the creation:

ROSEBERY: My Lords, this is the most solemn moment the House of Lords has had to face in my time, or in that of many men much older. We stand now at the parting of the ways. . . . If this Bill be allowed to pass, Europe and the Empire will be spared the sight of a scandal which will go far to weaken the hold of the centre of the Empire on its component parts. . . . On the other hypothesis we shall be left with no power at all, flattened out completely with an addition of hundreds of peers . . . and the ruin of this ancient constitutional assembly will be as complete as its worst enemies could desire.

NARRATOR: Viscount Morley had once more announced the decision of the Government to create peers, and His Majesty's consent to do so on the afternoon of the eleventh. Yet the issue still remained doubtful. Lord Morley tells us that, even in his unrivalled experience of Parliament, this was the most exciting moment he ever knew:

MORLEY: As one who had taken part in a thousand Parliamentary divisions I felt that the universal strain tonight was far more intense than any of them. . . . Tonight, for the three or four hours between my crucial announcement in the afternoon and the division at night, the result was still to all of us profoundly dark, and dark it remained in the clear silence broken only by the counting of the tellers, down to the very moment of fate.

TELLER 1: For the motion 131
TELLER 2: Against the motion 114

NARRATOR: Thus the King's mediation and his decision to use his prerogative had averted a great Constitutional crisis.

THE CORONATION

NARRATOR: In June, 1911, over a year after his accession, King George passed through the streets of London to his Coronation.

NARRATOR: The procession approaches Westminster Abbey. It is now almost eleven o'clock and suddenly there is a burst of music.

Now the Royal Procession enters the Abbey—the great officers of the Crown, the two Archbishops and Bishops, the Knights of the various Orders, the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

What is most remarkable and significant are the eleven Standards—The Royal Standard, borne by the Marquis of Lansdowne; the Standard of the Union borne by the Duke of Wellington; the Standard of India borne by Lord Curzon; then the Standards of the various Dominions which for the first time figure at a Coronation. Then the Regalia of the King and Queen. . . . A general movement; all bow. The Queen passes, a noble and beautiful figure. A moment later the King arrives. He advances very slowly, with calm, grave face. He wears a purple robe, a crimson velvet mantle, the Collar of the Order of the Garter. On his head is the Cap of State. His train is borne by eight young men, of whom four are peers'.

The Service begins with what is called 'recognition'. To quote the Rubric: The Archbishop of Canterbury 'with a loud voice speaks to the people'. The Archbishop turns to the four sides of the Abbey, while the King standing up by his chair, turns and shows himself unto the people.

ARCHBISHOP: Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the Undoubted King of this Realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?

(Shouts—GOD SAVE KING GEORGE—trumpets)

NARRATOR: Then follows the communion service and the sermon. Then the Archbishop turns to the King and, standing before him, administers the Coronation Oath.

ARCHBISHOP: Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?
KING: I am willing.

ARCHBISHOP: Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the People of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?

KING: I solemnly promise so to do.

NARRATOR: Then the King arising out of his chair . . . the Sword of State carried before him, shall go to the altar to make his solemn oath in the sight of all the people.

KING: The thing which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God!

(*Their Majesties kneel*)

CHOIR AND ORGAN: 'Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King and all the people rejoiced and said, God save the King—long live the King—may the King live for ever—Hallelujah.'

NARRATOR: The King's crimson mantle is removed by the Lord Great Chamberlain. He takes off the Cap of State, and goes before the altar, seating himself in the Chair of King Edward I, which has served for all previous coronations. Under the seat is the Stone of Scone, symbol of the power of the Kings of Scotland, on which, says the legend, the head of the patriarch Jacob reposed after his dream. Above the King's head four Knights of the Garter hold a rich pall of silken cloth of gold. The Dean of Westminster brings up bowl and spoon from the altar, and the Archbishop of Canterbury anoints the King, saying:

ARCHBISHOP: Be thy Head, Breast and Hands anointed with the Holy Oil, as Kings, Priests and Prophets were anointed.

NARRATOR: Then the Archbishop and other Bishops give to the King the Sword of Justice. The Archbishop crowns the King, all the peers present don their coronets. There is a shout of 'God Save the King'. The great guns of the Tower thunder.

And now, the King having been thus anointed and crowned and received all the Ensigns of Royalty—the Archbishop blesseth him:

ARCHBISHOP: The Lord give you a fruitful country and healthful seasons, victorious fleets and armies, and a quiet Empire; a faithful senate, wise and upright counsellors and magistrates, a loyal nobility, and a dutiful gentry; a pious and learned and useful clergy; an honest industrious and obedient commonality.

NARRATOR: Then follows the 'Te Deum'. When it is ended the King is conducted to his throne to receive homage and the Archbishop kneels before him and does homage. First comes the Prince of Wales. Deeply moved, he takes off his coronet and kneels before his father, and pays homage in these words:

PRINCE OF WALES: I, Edward Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God.

NARRATOR: He rises, touches the crown on His Majesty's head and kisses his father on the left cheek. The King kisses him as he had been kissed by King Edward. All the Princes of the Blood Royal do homage, then all the Peers from Dukes to Barons.

The homage is ended. Drums beat. Trumpets sound, and all shout, saying:

GOD SAVE KING GEORGE!

LONG LIVE KING GEORGE!

MAY THE KING LIVE FOR EVER!

NARRATOR: So the King was crowned.

THE INDIAN DURBAR

(*Fanfare*)

HERALD: George the Fifth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

NARRATOR: A Royal and Imperial Durbar in India followed the Coronation in London. King George was the first Sovereign to visit India as King-Emperor. And the decision to do so was 'his and his alone', intended to mark his sympathy with his Asiatic subjects.

The tour culminated at Delhi, at the

Great Durbar when the King-Emperor and Queen Mary met the princes and peoples of India.

(*Speech in Urdu*)

You have just heard a voice from India—a Muhammadan speaking in Urdu.

Many like him remember the glories of the King-Emperor when he rode through Delhi with his guards. Many remember, too, how he sat in the Durbar surrounded by his warriors and how the princes did homage to him and how the King showed himself to the people—and how they bowed down. Then he spoke to them with his own lips:

KING: It is my order that Delhi shall again be the capital of India.

NARRATOR: This great decision, to substitute Delhi for Calcutta as the capital, was announced by the King-Emperor's own mouth. A fortnight later he visited Calcutta. He did not shun the issue raised by transferring the capital.

KING: The changes in the administration of India will affect, to a certain extent, Calcutta. But your city will always remain the premier city of India. Its population, its importance as a commercial centre and great emporium of trade, its splendid historical traditions, all combine to invest Calcutta with a unique character which should preserve to it a pre-eminent position.

NARRATOR: On one occasion in Calcutta, the crowd broke through the military cordon, after their Majesties had gone, caught up the earth trodden by the King's feet and pressed it in homage to their brows.

(*Speech in Mahratti*)

You have just heard a Hindu speaking in Mahratti. To him and to millions of others in India, the King-Emperor is the Great Lord who protects them and secures that the landmarks of their land shall never be moved. He, through his



Their Majesties in India: a chief paying homage at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi in 1911

canals, brings the water to their land and makes the tree-shadowed roads safe against the robbers.

RUMOURS OF WAR

NARRATOR: Durbar, Coronation ceremony and Veto crisis were not the only burdens of the King-Emperor during 1911. For the first time it became clear that there was danger of war with Germany. It was the crisis of Agadir—that crisis which was dispelled by a speech of Mr. Lloyd George at the Mansion House on July 21.

LLOYD GEORGE: If a situation were forced upon us in which peace could only be preserved by the surrender of the great and beneficent position Britain has won by centuries of heroism and achievement, by allowing Britain to be treated where her interests were vitally affected as if she were of no account in the Cabinet of Nations, then I say emphatically that peace at that price would be a humiliation intolerable for a great country like ours to endure.

IRELAND

NARRATOR: The Liberal Government decided on a Bill which would give Home Rule to all Ireland, including Ulster. But Ulster was determined that she should not be included.

Hot words inflamed feeling but did not as yet lead to Civil War. Carson—Redmond—Bonar Law. By June, 1914,

the numbers of the Ulster volunteer force had reached 84,000, and the Nationalist volunteers were nearly as many. Civil War seemed near. So did war in Europe. The headlines of the newspapers told of ominous mutterings—ALBANIA IN ARMS—FOREIGN WARSHIPS AT DURAZZO—GROWING BALKAN TENSION—STRONG GREEK NOTE TO TURKEY—GREEK PREPARATION FOR WAR—



Sir Edward Carson in 1913, speaking against the Ireland Home Rule Bill

TSAR'S VISIT TO RUMANIA—GROWING TENSION BETWEEN RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

The attitude of the King in the face of these alarming events at home and abroad is described by Mr. Asquith's biographer:

SPEAKER: He listened patiently to many voices. He remained cool and wise through it all . . . He held his responsibility to be great and unescapable; and he sometimes reminded his Ministers that, whereas the Government would in due course disappear, he would remain and his action be remembered.

NARRATOR: The last expedient proposed by the King was a conference of all parties on the Irish situation, but the situation in Europe changed.

June, 1914. Europe at peace under the hottest summer for years.

Sunday, June 28, 1914. The 525th anniversary of the Battle of Kosovo, the great defeat of the Servians by the Turks hitherto kept as a day of national mourning. Today, for the first time, made the occasion of a national fete owing to the Servian victories in 1913.

Franz Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, makes a formal entry into the City of Serajevo with his wife, the Duchess of

Hohenberg. And then, a telegram from Vienna, June 28, 1914. 4.10 p.m.

WEISNER: Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Duchess of Hohenberg assassinated this morning at Serajevo.

NARRATOR: The month of July was passed in England in an earnest attempt by the King to reconcile the different parties in the Irish dispute. After a Round Table Conference, the different parties failed to agree.

War in Europe was coming nearer and nearer. Would Germany and Russia fight?

3.30 a.m. on July 31—August 1. The news that Germany had rejected England's last overture was received in London. Even that did not end all hope, because His Majesty King George V had just sent a last appeal to the Tsar of Russia. Mr. Asquith tells the story thus:

ASQUITH: A long message from Berlin to the effect that the German Ambassador's efforts for peace had been suddenly arrested and frustrated by the Tsar's decree for a complete Russian mobilisation. We all set to work . . . to draft a personal appeal from the King to the Tsar. When we had settled it, I called a taxi, and, in company with Tyrrell, drove to Buckingham Palace at about 1.30 a.m. The King was hauled out of his bed, and one of my strangest experiences was sitting with him, clad in a dressing-gown, while I read the message from Berlin and the proposed answer.

THE KING: I cannot help thinking that some misunderstanding has produced this deadlock. I am most anxious not to miss any opportunity of avoiding the terrible calamity which at present threatens the whole world. I therefore make a personal appeal to you.

NARRATOR: The Tsar replied to the King:

TSAR: I would gladly have accepted your proposals had not the German Ambassador this afternoon presented a Note to my Government declaring war.

THE GREAT WAR BEGINS

NARRATOR: The American Ambassador, Mr. Walter Page, described the opening of the War in a letter to President Wilson:

PAGE: If one could forget the awful tragedy, all this experience would be worth a lifetime of commonplace . . . I shall never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum while he wept; nor the poor German Ambassador, who has lost in his high game; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half-an-hour and said, 'My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?'

NARRATOR: About 8.30 this same evening, Sir Edward Grey was with a friend in his room at the Foreign Office. Darkness was falling.

GREY: The lamps are going out over all Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime.

NARRATOR: Some long time before 11 p.m., the fatal moment when we should be at war with Germany, crowds had begun to assemble before Buckingham Palace. Quite near in Carlton House Terrace was the German Embassy, and Prince Lichnowsky, overcome with emotion, had retired to bed. At the last moment, before 11 p.m., he received his passports and the declaration of war from England, and signed the receipt dressed in his pyjamas. Meanwhile, for some time the crowd had been cheering in the Mall. The King, the Queen and the Prince of Wales were on the balcony. Thus the British Empire came into the War.

THE WAR YEARS

NARRATOR: On August 3, Lord Kitchener was proceeding to Egypt when he was stopped at Dover. He received His Majesty's commands to return to London and to receive the Seals of Secretary of State for War. To hold the Seals of Office one must be a Privy Councillor. Three days later five Privy Councillors entered a room in Buckingham Palace. The King was already there. They bowed and took their places standing in a line against the wall. Lord Kitchener, who was already in the room, joined them at the end of the line. The Lord President came forward and spoke.

LORD PRESIDENT: The Right Honourable Horatio Herbert Earl Kitchener, K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., to be sworn of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.



Reading the Proclamation of War at Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall, on August 4, 1914

NARRATOR: At these words, Lord Kitchener left the line and knelt on his right knee, facing the King, a New Testament raised in his hand.

Then the Clerk of the Council recited the Oath of Allegiance.

CLERK: You do swear by Almighty God that you will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty King George the Fifth, his Heirs and Successors according to Law. So help you God.

NARRATOR: Lord Kitchener rose, knelt on a footstool before the King and kissed hands. He came back to his place in the line and raised the New Testament, while he heard the Clerk recite the Oath.

CLERK: You do swear by Almighty God to be a true and faithful Servant unto the King's Majesty, as one of His Majesty's Privy Council. . . . You will, in all things to be moved, treated, and debated in Council, faithfully and truly declare your Mind and Opinion, according to your Heart and Conscience; and will keep secret all Matters committed and revealed unto you, or that shall be treated of secretly in Council. . . . You will to your uttermost bear Faith and Allegiance unto the King's Majesty; and will assist and defend all Jurisdictions, Pre-eminent, and Authorities, granted to His Majesty, and annexed to the Crown by Acts of Parliament, or otherwise, against all Foreign Princes, Persons, Prelates, States, or Potentates. And generally in all things you will do as a faithful and true Servant ought to do to His Majesty. So help you God.

NARRATOR: At the Privy Council, subsequently held, Lord Kitchener was appointed Secretary of State for War. It was his task to organise and direct our vast military effort in the great struggle that lay ahead.

1914

August 7. Your King and Country need you.

A Call to Arms.

A hundred thousand men needed.

August 7. Kitchener asks for five hundred thousand men.

August 8. Two thousand junior officers, unmarried, required immediately.

Lord Kitchener to the troops. 'Do your duty bravely, fear God, honour the King.'

August 24. The retreat from Mons. German advance.

September 6. Battle of the Marne.

September 10. Germans in retreat.

1915

January 24. Battle of the Dogger Bank.

April 25. Allied forces land at Dardanelles.

September 25. Battle of Loos.

For the first time since George II fought at Dettingen, in 1743, the King of England was seen at the front on a European battlefield. During the war he visited the front on four occasions.

October 28. 'Accident to the King while inspecting his Army in the field'. On this his second visit the King was injured by his horse rearing unexpectedly because of the men cheering him. The horse rolled on him and he was ill for some time, but this fact did not prevent two more visits to the Front.

1916

March. German attack on Verdun. Grave situation.

May. Verdun. French holding their own.

May 31-June 1. Battle of Jutland. Serious losses to British and German fleets.

NARRATOR: The Naval actions had at all times intense interest for the King with his twenty years of training as a sailor. He made several visits to the Grand Fleet during the War.

July 1. Battle of Somme began. British advance.

October-November. Battle of Somme continued. German losses.

NARRATOR: On the Home Front, too, the King and the Queen shared the sorrows of their people throughout all the tragic happenings of the War. There was no one more active in visiting the wounded and comforting the bereaved.

1917

NARRATOR: January. At last came the turning point. Germany announces unrestricted submarine warfare. In three months

came the answer. In April the United States entered the War.

A year of ceaseless conflict, yet of no result.

NARRATOR: On June 13 there had been an air raid which had damaged and killed many people. The King and Queen immediately inspected the devastated districts and visited the victims



Kitchener's appeal to the country: recruiting poster in 1914

Imperial War Museum

in the London hospitals.

SECRETARY OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL: The King stayed in the Hospital quite a long time, and passed from ward to ward, talking with every patient. His last words to me in parting were: 'I have just come from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where I have seen some very sad sights, especially among the young victims. Those dear children. I saw one whose right eye had been terribly damaged by a flying fragment from a German bomb'.

But it was not all sorrow, even during this year. The King visits a country village:



The King at the Front: Wytschaete Ridge, 1917

LADY: Yesterday was a red-letter day—such excitement. The King and Queen and Princess Mary came to the village to review the troops on the Common. You've no idea what a perfect picture it was—the little green with the chestnut tree crowded with the gilded staff, Sir Archibald Hunter and other Generals, soldiers and grooms, all leisurely waiting—no horrid police—the King's mount ready for him. He mounted there, and so did the Princess, and they started off down the church lane, the King surrounded by his warriors, a tiny Royal Standard carried by a trooper in front of him—the beautiful horse, the bits of scarlet in the khaki. I'll never think of the village again as I used to. It's a bit of the history of the Great War now.

Autumn, 1917. Heavy fighting in Flanders—Heavy rain—Passchendaele.

NARRATOR: Forty-two thousand tons of shells fired every week from 7,500 British guns. The King spared no effort to stimulate the munition workers.

Speaking at Glasgow in June, 1917, the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, said:

LLOYD GEORGE: It was Britain, the strength of Britain, flung into the breach, that once more saved Europe and human liberties. . . . Our Army is great, and the Army is now the people. . . . I am not afraid of the Army but take care that the spirit of the people behind them is as good as that of the Army; if not, it affects the Army. . . . Everybody is doing his best within human limitations—generals, officers, soldiers, admirals, sailors, officials, employees, workmen—yes, Ministers of the Crown—forgive me for saying it—we are doing our best in our way. I cannot see any slackening or indolence anywhere; and will you allow me to say that there is one man who is working as hard as the hardest worked man in this country, and that is the Sovereign of this realm.

1918

March. Great German offensive on the Western Front. Fifth army driven back.

April 12. Order of the day by Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig. 'Victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. No retirement. Backs to the wall.'

July. French under Marshal Foch strike back.

July 18. Great Allied counter-attack begins.

August. British attack. 'Black day of German Army'.

October. Hindenburg line stormed.

NARRATOR: The end came suddenly. It was known that the Armistice would come into force on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918. As the clock struck, Mr. Winston Churchill—from the Munitions Ministry—saw the streams of people.

CHURCHILL: The tumult grew. It grew like a gale, but from all sides simultaneously. The street was now a seething mass of humanity. Flags appeared as if by magic. Streams of men and women flowed from the Embankment. They mingled with torrents pouring down the Strand on their way to acclaim the King. . . .

NARRATOR: It was towards the King that all eyes were turned, to whom all hats and cheers were raised.

The King came out on the balcony of the Palace in the uniform of the Admiral of the Fleet. The Queen was with him. They were greeted with a cheer, the like of which had never been heard. For all that long day—and for a great part of the night—crowds moved past Buckingham Palace, shouting, weeping, laughing, praising the peace that had been so long in coming.

The King went to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral in heartfelt gratitude for peace.

The dead are not forgotten; year after year the King stands bareheaded at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day, in remembrance of their victory and their sacrifice.

THE WORLD HURRIES ON

NARRATOR: 'The world will never be the same again'. That was the view of President Wilson on the changes made by the War. It was everybody's view, but looking a little closer, we see that great changes were already taking place before the War—and they began with King George's reign. It was a different world from that of King Edward. Marvellous activities and developments everywhere—not only in the political sphere, which we have seen, but in the social and industrial and mechanical worlds, too. In 1910 Mr. Rolls made a flight in his aeroplane to France and back, without landing on French soil: the first time this had been done. The next year saw the last of the old horse 'buses in London and the



The Queen and Princess Mary arriving at the first central kitchen in London, 1917

first of the great strikes. 1912 saw the first cinema opened; then, with a whistling of wings, came whole fleets of aeroplanes on the field of battle. After the War, developments came faster, as if progress had put on seven-league boots. All sorts of changes, in all sorts of directions. Women had got the franchise and were sitting in Parliament. Men were remoulding the world anew. In 1919, the first non-stop Atlantic flight in the air, the first flight from England to Australia, the opening of the Paris-London Air Service. Wireless telephony which enables our overseas statesmen to talk with us as if in another room in the same building. In 1921, the great railway strike; in 1922, the birth of domestic radio wireless. In 1926, the great industrial general strike. And dozens of other changes, too. Jazz music, cabarets, night clubs, noise, variety. Everywhere power, hammers,



Armistice rejoicings, November 1918

force, rattling, confusion. So hot an atmosphere, so hurried a world.

The first great post-War constitutional development within the Empire was the establishment of the Irish Free State. But in fact the whole conception of the British Empire and its relation to the Mother Country had undergone a great change. In Europe, crowns and thrones fell as a result of the War. Four emperors and five kings were swept away. That was the result of war and its effects in Europe.

But war only developed kingship and gave it a new meaning in the British Empire. Here is what was said of it by General Smuts, in the crisis of the Great War on April 2, 1917 (he had been a Minister of a Republic; he spoke as a Minister of the Crown):

SMUTS: The first potent factor is your hereditary kingship. You cannot make a republic in this country. You cannot make a republic of this British Commonwealth of Nations, because if you have to elect a President, not only in these islands, but all over the British Empire, who will be the ruler and representative of these peoples? The King is not merely your King, but the representative of all of us. He represents every part of the whole Commonwealth of Nations. Let us be thankful for the mercies we have.

In the theory of this great Empire, it is impossible to attach too much importance to this institution which we have existing, and which can be developed, in my opinion, to the greatest uses possible for its future preservation and development.

NARRATOR: All the nations of the Empire were, as Lord Buckmaster said, united together by 'the broad gold circle of the Crown'.

Here is what Sir Robert Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, said at the Imperial War Conference on June 12, 1918:

BORDEN: I have been asked to make an address to the King. He occupies a unique position as head of the most wonderful group of self-governing nations that has ever been known in the history of the world. In the Crown is symbolised the unity and power of the whole Empire. Their Majesties have seen, in this War, the most remarkable testimony to the unity of the Empire which has ever been made manifest in its history. During these years the King has proved himself worthy of the great traditions of the past; he has been a constitutional sovereign in every respect, and, more than

that, he has not spared himself in the performance of every duty in which he could be of assistance. The same is true of the Queen. The sacrifice and devotion of the womanhood of the Empire are personified in her. And so it is fitting that at this first meeting of the Conference we should testify our appreciation of the burdens which they sustain, and the devotion they have exhibited in the discharge of their responsibilities.

NARRATOR: So spake Canada's Prime Minister during the War. But the Dominions could not remain as they were. They had grown up, they were blooded. The Treaty of Versailles was signed, not only for Great Britain, but for Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and for India. All became members of the League of Nations.

This great international organisation had been thus characterised by the King in a message of October 13, 1919.

THE KING: Nothing is more essential than a strong and enduring League of Nations. Millions of British men and women stand ready to help if only they be shown the way. I commend the cause to all the citizens of the Empire.

NARRATOR: Early in 1920 the League came into being and its first assembly met. The world saw the strange spectacle of overseas representatives criticising England's policies and taking independent courses of their own. This was the new spirit of the League, just as much as it was the spirit of the British Empire. It was in this spirit that all Imperial Conferences were in future conducted, and it was this spirit which led to the great measure known as 'The Statute of Westminster'.

One of the leaders demanding a change was General Herzog, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, and leader of the Nationalist Party. Like General Smuts, he had fought against England in the Boer War.

General Herzog spoke thus at the end of the Imperial Conference of 1926:



The Great Strike, May 1926: congested traffic scene in Stratford Broadway

HERZOG: In leaving the Conference we shall all feel that we are all co-operators in one great scheme. I shall go back with a feeling that I do not think often happens in the history of anyone attending an important gathering such as this, that I leave fully satisfied that whatever I wanted to have and to

attain has been attained at the meetings, and what is more, it has been attained with the full co-operation and sympathy of all when we have met together.

NARRATOR: Here is an example of what resulted from the Conference:

The essential consequence of the equality of status among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations is that the Governor-General of a Dominion is the representative of the Crown . . . and that he is not the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or of any Department of that Government.

It is thus no longer a case of His Majesty and his Prime Minister, but of His Majesty and his United Kingdom Prime Minister and of his Dominion Prime Ministers. To each of his Dominion Prime Ministers His Majesty has direct access, and the King can be advised by them in the choice of the Dominion Governors and Governors-General. Here is a new development of the power of the King. Like broadcasting and wireless telephony the new conception of the Empire conquers space and brings the King into personal contact with the peoples of his Empire.

THE KING AND HIS MINISTERS AT HOME

NARRATOR: His Majesty's confidential servants. His Majesty's views are necessarily of great importance in the formation of every Ministry, especially whenever, as since the War, strict party lines are confused. Here are some examples. First, the formation of the Conservative Government, under Mr. Baldwin, of 1923.

Court Circular: May 20. Mr. Bonar Law has placed his resignation in the hands of His Majesty who was graciously pleased to accept it.

On the twenty-first, no appointment of the Prime Minister had been announced. Sir Almeric FitzRoy, the Clerk to the Privy Council, records in his Diary of the twenty-second:

FitzRoy: I was talking to the King's private secretary this morning on the situation. He is expecting the King before luncheon, but has no knowledge of what he intends to do.

NARRATOR: At 11 a.m., His Majesty left Aldershot for Buckingham Palace. At 12.30 p.m., Mr. Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons in the Bonar Law Government, reached London. He was followed an hour later by Lord Curzon, Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Lords.

At 2.30 p.m., Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, had an interview with Lord Curzon. He informed him that His Majesty had decided to ask Mr. Baldwin to form a new Government. His Majesty at 3.15 p.m. received Mr. Baldwin at the Palace. At 4.15 p.m. Mr. Baldwin returned from Buckingham Palace to Downing Street. He drove through a cheering crowd; he said to them:

BALDWIN: I need your prayers rather than your congratulations.

NARRATOR: What did that mean? At 5 p.m. they knew.

Royal Announcement: 5 p.m. The Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin was received in audience by His Majesty today, who offered him the post of Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury vacated by the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P. The Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin accepted His Majesty's offer.

When Mr. Baldwin's Government fell in 1924, the King summoned Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to form the first of England's Labour Governments. The Crown knows no distinction of classes and parties. The King himself said just after the War:

THE KING: The spirit of unity never failed us in the hour of trial. It was not merely unity between the army in the field and the workers at home; it was still wider and more pervading. Wealth and labour fought side by side in the same trench. Bravery and devotion were exhibited by every rank. Every class and condition, every industry, has suffered its losses. I do not believe that the new friendship and mutual understanding which the close contact of war has developed will fail us in the difficulties of reconstruction.

NARRATOR: The appointment of the second Labour Ministry in 1929 took place under peculiar and interesting conditions.

The King, just recovered from his severe illness, was at Windsor, and they were sworn in there. Viscount Snowden describes the scene:

SNOWDEN: On Friday evening, June 7, I received official notice to attend at Windsor Castle at 11.30 next morning to be sworn in as Chancellor of the Exchequer. At Windsor five open landaus with position riders had been sent from the Castle to meet us. Ministers had a great reception all along the route. The ceremony of swearing in the Ministers took place in the Audience Chamber of Windsor Castle. The King looked remarkably well, considering the severe illness through which he had recently passed. He apologised for having put us to the trouble of coming to Windsor and asked to be allowed to remain seated.

Each Minister went to the King's chair and on bended knee swore to fulfil his office faithfully, and was then handed his seals, and kissed the King's hand. I was excused from kneeling on account of my physical infirmity. . . . The King complimented Miss Bondfield on being the first woman Privy Councillor. As we were leaving the room the King said to me, 'I hope you are not too tired with standing'. He was always most kind and considerate.

THE KING'S LIFE AND LABOURS

NARRATOR: Wherever the King is, his office work must go with him. His work is incessant—and it is carried on from several different centres during the year. During 1934, His Majesty spent over four months at Buckingham Palace, and nearly four at his country seat at Sandringham, a month and a half at Balmoral, a month and a half at Windsor for Easter and the Ascot Races, a fortnight at Cowes and nine days at Edinburgh.

Every morning, wherever he is, the King's Scotch piper wakes him with the bagpipes at 8 a.m., except on Sundays.

After breakfast, taken at 9.0 a.m., the morning's work. His Majesty's working room in Buckingham Palace overlooks the garden, with a pleasant view of the lawn and all the sunshine there is. In summer he works in a summerhouse on the lawn.

The correspondence is enormous, and a great deal is seen by His Majesty personally. The King authorises many letters to be sent on every kind of subject. To give two examples, in 1934, he directed 649 messages of congratulation to be sent to old couples on their diamond weddings, and 67 messages to persons reaching the age of one hundred. In addition to all the official letters, he conducts a large private correspondence.

Many documents have to be signed by the King himself. He puts his autograph to every officer's commission in Army, Navy and Air Force, and to all warrants. The King's assent is signified to all Parliamentary Bills and the King himself signs the ratification to all treaties concluded in his name.

But the King has other engagements in the mornings. A Foreign Ambassador may present letters of credence, a Cabinet Minister or a Maharaja may be received in audience. A Bishop may come to do homage or a Mayor to be knighted.

Privy Councils are always presided over by the King himself, except during the period of his illness. They take place once or twice a month. In addition there are receptions in the morning, when decorations are presented, or honours conferred.

The King's interviews with his Ministers and especially the Prime Minister are one of his most important duties.

Other Ministers, of course, discuss topics connected with their special departments. The King is a great reader of official papers. He studies not only the Minutes of the Cabinet, but also the reports of Cabinet Committees, and the numerous memoranda and telegrams of all departments.

Lunch is at 1.15 p.m. The afternoon the King regards as his own, but it is often devoted to visits to charitable institutions, or other official engagements. During any leisure that he has the King reads light literature, as well as more serious works like biographies. He also often visits his stamp room, where his stamp collection, one of the finest in the world, is cared for by Sir Edward Bacon. Apart from stamps and reading, the King's amusements are of a sporting nature.

The Coming of the Petrol Age (1910-1935)



THE KING'S PRIME MINISTERS



Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith
(April 1908-Dec. 1916)

Dinner is at 8.30 p.m. His Majesty at one time attended the theatre and the opera, but since his illness he rarely goes out after dinner.

There are some human documents to be found amongst the mass of official papers with which the King deals every day. Here are two authentic letters received by His Majesty.

One came from an able seaman—congratulating the King on his sixty-ninth birthday, with an additional letter to his private secretary. He said:

SEAMAN: I was His Majesty's steerage hammock man fifty-one years ago last May. I would like him to know that we all love him and wish him all the good things in the world.

NARRATOR: Here is another written by a small invalid—a little girl—on hearing of His Majesty's severe illness in 1929. The King had given this little girl a pet rabbit when he visited the Queen's Hospital in 1926.

GIRL: My dear King, I am very sorry Your Majesty is so ill, but am glad you are beginning to get better. I got whooping-cough last September, and it made my heart bad, so I have had to be on my couch again and am not allowed to walk yet. We all hope we shall see you next August, my father says the keeper told him that the grouse have done very well this winter. With love from Kathleen.

NARRATOR: You have heard a description of the King's work on behalf of his whole vast Empire. You have seen how he finds time to read and send letters to one of the smallest of his subjects. Hitherto, no Sovereign of England has been seen by, still less been heard by, hundreds of millions of his subjects in this vast Empire. Now Africans on the veldt, French backwoodsmen in Canadian forests, sheep-farmers in Australia or New Zealand, Eskimos on Hudson Bay, natives in their villages in India or the Gold Coast, can listen to a voice out of the air, the voice of the King.

THE EMPIRE'S TRIBUTE

NARRATOR: At this moment, the peoples of the Empire are marshalled and assembled to greet the King, on this happy occasion of his Silver Jubilee.

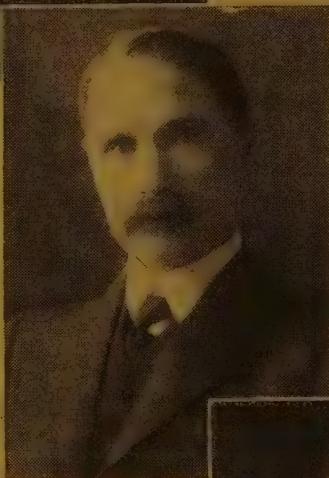
Gifts have we only today,
Love without promise or fee.
Hear, for thy children speak
From the uttermost parts of the sea.

He yachts in all weathers and pulls a rope with the best; and he is still one of the finest shots in the Empire.

After tea, taken at 5 p.m., the second delivery of letters is dealt with. Wherever the King goes, he never fails to undertake these morning and evening spells of work.



Rt. Hon.
D. Lloyd
George
(Dec. 1916–
Oct. 1922)



Rt. Hon.
A. Bonar Law
(Oct. 1922–May 1923)

Southern Rhodesia Calling London
THE HON. P. D. L. FYNNE (ACTING PRIME MINISTER): Southern Rhodesia, the youngest self-governing Colony under the Crown, is proud and happy to send this first direct message of congratulation to His Majesty the King on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee.

The twenty-five years of His Majesty's reign have been momentous years for this young country. Within them many of our people have settled here from various parts of the Mother Country and from our small beginnings forty-three years ago we have grown to prosperity and responsibility under the Crown.

So during His Majesty's reign Southern Rhodesia has grown to manhood. It is with special thankfulness that I send in the name of all our people a message of loyalty and devotion to His Majesty the King.

NARRATOR: Messages of loyalty and congratulation have been received from all British lands in the African Continent. From Basutoland, Swaziland and Bechuanaland Protectorate, Northern Rhodesia, Gambia and the Gold Coast, Nigeria and Sierra Leone, Kenya, Somaliland, Uganda, Tanganyika, Zanzibar and Nyasaland, Mauritius, Seychelles, St. Helena and Ascension, Tristan da Cunha.

South Africa Calling London

GENERAL THE RT. HON. J. C. SMUTS (ACTING PRIME MINISTER): On behalf of the Government and people of South Africa I beg to convey to His Majesty our sincere congratulations on his Jubilee. We are profoundly grateful that in a period which is one of the most poignant in all human history and during which other Empires of the world have disappeared, his Empire has survived grave dangers and has, on the contrary, received a new birth of freedom and equality in the rise of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Union of South Africa in particular rejoices in her own Jubilee which coincides with that of the King, and in her emergence as a united free nation in that Commonwealth. While we rejoice over our good fortune during His Majesty's reign, we specially treasure the high example of personal service and single-minded devotion to duty which His Majesty has set all his subjects during that great epoch.

To him and to the Queen we respectfully give our devotion, loyalty and affection.

NARRATOR: Loyal messages and congratulations to His Majesty have been received from Ceylon and Straits Settlements, Malay Straits, Hong Kong, North Borneo, Sarawak, Cyprus, Palestine.



Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin
(May 1923–Jan. 1924;
Nov. 1924–June 1929)

India Calling London

H.E. THE VICEROY OF INDIA (THE VISCOUNT WILLINGDON): On behalf of the Princes and people of India I beg to send to His Majesty the King Emperor our respectful and joyful greetings on this auspicious day and to express the profound hope that he may



Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald
(Jan.–Nov. 1924; June 1929–

be spared many years to continue to rule over this great country.

Loyalty to the King Emperor is and always has been the abiding faith of the Indian people, and while it is impossible in these days of changes and development to expect the many millions of India to be free from all the stress and strain which comes with the desire for political advance, His Majesty the King Emperor can rest assured that he is held to be above and apart from such movements and that we are all devotedly loyal to the King's Throne and person; we gratefully thank him for the constant and abiding interest he has always taken in the welfare, prosperity and progress of all his subjects in India.

Australia Calling London

THE RT. HON. EARLE PAGE (ACTING PRIME MINISTER): I tender to His Majesty the King loyal and affectionate greetings from the people of Australia.

Upon this great occasion we review with pleasure and wonder the arduous and fruitful years of his reign. We have passed through the tribulation of war to nationhood in his service, but tribulation has merely strengthened ties that bind us, and success has emphasised our unity.

Conquest of the air and of the ether has given new and majestic meaning to bonds of Empire. Never was the Empire so large; never so small, for distance and time have been obliterated by the triumphant march of its people.

We in His Majesty's Australian Commonwealth reaffirm our loyalty to the Throne and to the King's person, and our allegiance is changed only in its deeper fervour and its added strength.

NARRATOR: Messages of loyalty and devotion have reached London from Fiji and the Pacific Islands.

New Zealand Calling London

THE HON. E. A. RANSOME (ACTING PRIME MINISTER): The Dominion of New Zealand warmly appreciates the privilege of joining in this Empire-wide broadcast in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty King George V. New Zealand—the Britain of the South—prides itself on its British descent and on its devotion to the Crown and to the British Commonwealth of Nations. In no part of the King's Dominions is there a fuller or more heartfelt appreciation of the selfless way in which His Majesty has performed the duties of his exalted office. As the representative of every section of the people of the Dominion of New Zealand—both Pakeha and Maori—I extend our most affectionate and respectful congratulations to His Majesty and the Queen, and express our very earnest prayers that they may long be spared to continue their beneficent efforts to the good of all the British peoples.

Canada Calling London

THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE PERLEY (ACTING PRIME MINISTER): It is my proud privilege to convey to His Majesty the King the heartfelt thanksgiving and devoted fidelity of his Canadian subjects on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the Throne of his fathers. During the twenty-five years of His Majesty's reign he has led his people through stirring times, through dark days of armed conflict and the challenging problem of peace, through the testing period of economic adversity and the return of prosperity, through the varied manifestations of a changing social order and the constitutional expressions of a developing commonwealth. Throughout, His Majesty's people in all parts of the Empire have looked to the Throne as their link with one another and with the glorious tradition of the past. We rejoice with His Majesty and with Her Majesty the Queen on this happy day, and earnestly hope that they may long be spared to strengthen the ties of affection and devotion which bind us to His Majesty's Throne and person.

NARRATOR: Congratulations and loyal messages have been received from all other British lands in the American Continent, from the Bahamas and Jamaica and its Dependencies, from the Leeward Islands and the Windward Islands, Barbados, Trinidad and Tobago, from British Guiana and British Honduras, from the Falkland Islands and their Dependencies.

Newfoundland Calling London

A. L. DERDICE (OFFICIAL SPEAKER): (Recorded). In the name of the people of Newfoundland loyal greetings and good wishes to His Majesty the King on this occasion of his Silver Jubilee.

From Cape Race in the South to Cape Chidley, the northernmost point of Labrador, three hundred thousand Newfoundlanders join with the rest of the Empire in today's celebrations.

Newfoundland remembers today her history of over four hundred years of association with the British Crown. We are the oldest Colony of Great Britain and with that thought ever present in our minds we are proud today to greet His Majesty the King.

Bermuda Calling London

LT.-GEN. SIR THOMAS ASTLEY CUBITT (H.E. THE GOVERNOR): It is our privilege to form the last link in the chain of greetings which the peoples of the British Empire are today sending to His Majesty the King. On behalf of the people of these islands I send to His Majesty the King congratulations on this celebration of the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

The people of Bermuda recall today that although they form one of the smallest communities of the British Empire, they were one of the first to enjoy Representative Government. The Bermuda House of Assembly is the oldest legislative body of its kind within the Empire apart from the House of Commons.

In the name of the people of Bermuda and in the name of all the other Colonial dependencies Bermuda sends loyal greetings to His Majesty the King and a heartfelt wish that his reign may long continue in peace and happiness.

NARRATOR: In the Continent of Europe, loyal messages have come from Gibraltar, Malta, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

In the name of the peoples of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland . . .

Great Britain's Tribute

THE RIGHT HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD (PRIME MINISTER): From all over the globe, from the Dominions, from India, from Colonies and Dependencies, we have been hearing greetings and expressions of loyalty and respect to His Majesty on this happy day. Now at the close the old original home of the British race speaks; and on behalf of the people of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland I offer to the King our loyal homage and our heartfelt congratulations and thankfulness.

He has reigned over us for twenty-five years—years of happy prosperity and of grave anxiety; years of enriching peace and of devastating war; long years of war and longer years when the qualities of our people have been tested by an iron test of endurance to maintain liberty in the State, to recover from the economic destruction which is the inheritance left to our generation, to search for solutions for baffling problems in industry and in human conditions. Through these troubled years His Majesty has been reigning, wearing a heavy crown not only with regal dignity and graciousness, but with human understanding, feeling and anxiety. His advisers have come and gone, but for him there has been no respite. Days have mounted into months, months into years, and he has had to endure, winning, however, the devotion of all who have been called to understand and serve him.

We thank him tonight alike for his actions and for his example, and we should desire also to pay our homage to her whose counsel and comfort has helped and cheered him through all the years he has reigned over us—the Queen. May their years together still be many and happy.

The restrictions of time and the inadequacy of speech hamper one in expressing the width and the depth of the tribute which the nation owes to the King; but I would borrow the sonorous plea addressed by an English Parliament to Queen Elizabeth in 1601 and ask that my words be 'no otherwise interpreted than as a lively monument of those great duties and affections which we do contentedly and comfortably strain for His Majesty'.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

The King's Jubilee

THOSE who heard the programme compiled by Dr. Harold Temperley, a survey in dramatic form of the events of the past twenty-five years, will have discovered that the principle of selection on which it was built was to look at the reign from the point of view of the personal activities of His Majesty. It is the record of a reign, illustrating the influence and authority of a constitutional Sovereign. But an occasion such as the Silver Jubilee, now being celebrated, has a double character. It not only expresses general loyalty and popular gratitude towards an individual; it also reveals the standing of an institution. There may be people who will lose sight, amid the constant repetition of photographs and chronological sequences, of the larger significance of the celebration. The Jubilee is first and foremost a personal celebration, and warmth of feeling has for its rightful object the living man, but it is also a further landmark in the tremendous story of the English monarchy. There are few people living now who can appreciate the extent of the change in the degree of reverence spontaneously accorded to the Crown. The long reign of Queen Victoria, her own virtues and sound sense and the fortunate accompaniment to her years of a vast growth in British expansion culminated in the great demonstrations of loyalty which marked the Queen's Jubilee; her reign also transformed the way in which it was thought correct and in good taste to speak about the Sovereign. Today it is only in the pages of the historians that the memory survives of the low estate into which the central institution of the country had fallen at the beginning of the last century. William IV lacked dignity as well as common good manners, and the failings of the Regent had been even more serious, but behind the personal disqualifications of the sons of George III lay deeper reasons for the diminished stature of the Sovereign. The story of English political life for two centuries preceding the accession of Victoria was a story of successful encroachment upon the prerogatives and authority of the King. The terms upon which Charles II was restored, still

more the terms upon which William of Orange was made King, whittled away many of the chief historical powers of the King, and the reigns of the first two Georges, German Princes whose hearts were in Hanover, who sat on the English throne primarily in order that it should be occupied, saw the further triumphs of the political philosophy which became a common orthodoxy as the Whig interpretation of history. When so much of the English tradition had become the story of the successful transference of power from the King to groups and interests, it was inevitable that the monarchy itself should come to be thought of as a picturesque survival, a useful but inessential part of the machinery of life, primarily decorative and ceremonial. In the last century many people so regarded the English Crown. Today no informed person so describes it. The lines on which the British Empire have developed could hardly have been followed outside a monarchical constitution. The bond of common allegiance to a Crown and a Dynasty has provided a basis of union between people whose respective Presidents would only have indulged in the most wary and distant alliances. The reluctant assumption by nineteenth-century Governments of responsibility over backward peoples made a new rôle for the Queen. 'My country', wrote Moshesh, King of Basutoland, to Queen Victoria, when he achieved his dogged aim to secure the protection of the British flag, 'is your blanket and my people the lice upon it'. Most of the four hundred million people of the British Empire, in short, have always understood allegiance in personal terms, as allegiance not to institutions, but to a Chief. Apart from the place of a Crown as the apex of the new British Empire, the experience of Parliamentary regimes in Europe and elsewhere has revealed the great weaknesses that inhere in constitutions whose highest figure is an elected President, drawn inevitably from the ranks of Parliamentarians themselves. Historically considered, the office of King in Christian Europe has been a religious office concerned with the maintenance of justice and law and the defence of the weak against the strong. Emperors and kings have enjoyed certain prerogatives to enable them to fulfil their great duties. They have commanded the armed force of their people, they have been the final courts of appeal, they have controlled the quantity of money, because all these things bear directly on justice between men. The English monarchy has come into the twentieth century shorn of these great powers, but their long exercise in the past has left around the monarchy the nimbus of 'the divinity that doth hedge a king'; and in the new conditions the Crown, the oldest and most deep-rooted of our political institutions, has found, in wise and disinterested hands, new duties of leadership and a new significance as a centre of authority and initiative transcending sectional interests and fortifying the better traditions of our public life.

Week by Week

VERY fittingly, both as a Spring and as a Jubilee announcement, comes the news that the Malvern Hills have been permanently saved from building and quarrying activities. The south portion of the hills stretching for three-and-a-half miles has been saved, subject to the raising of a further small sum, and saved largely through the public spirit of the actual owners of the land. These owners have foregone potential profits by entering into restricted covenants which preclude the use of the land for disfiguring purposes. There are two morals of wider application from the success of the movement, which has been actively pursued for over four years, to save these hills. The first is the value of seeking agreement along the lines of restrictive covenants looking to the future. People can be readily persuaded to forego contingent profits in the future, who could never be asked for vast individual sacrifices in the present. From the

nature of the case, the sort of land which it is desired to save for the nation is land which is beginning to have a value as building land, or is threatened for some other economic reason, like the quarrying in the Malvern area. It cannot be saved in small patches, and outright purchase—at market prices which include the strong prospect of rapid future appreciation—means asking the public for enormous sums. What the public interest requires is not legal ownership, but the assured protection of amenities. In buying legal ownership, national bodies are doing their work in the simplest, but in much the most expensive, way. It should always be their aim only to pay for the essential things they require, things which can be obtained by legal covenant. It is common experience now that landowners are much more ready to meet public bodies, if what is in question is not the termination of their own connection with the beauty spot, but the crowning of their land with a recognition that it is to be counted among the special beauties of the country. The other moral is the old one that while it is very easy to be too late with schemes of preservation it is virtually impossible to be too early. The Malvern Hills, at any rate the southern portion of them, have been taken just in time. There is much which is today thought of as wild country whose owners could be persuaded, with small inducement, to enter into restrictive covenants which would preserve its character. It is precisely because the time to secure land is before it is threatened and rising in value that national bodies do well to look far afield, making arrangements which will yield abundant results a generation from now.

* * *

The commandeering of Professor Kapitza is a curious incident in a world where governments have become more and more prone to get rid of scholars and scientists than to go out of their way to keep them at home. Professor Kapitza is a Soviet citizen who has been working in Cambridge for the last twelve years on problems concerned with the structure of matter. He is one of the leading physicists in the world. The Royal Society some years ago appointed him to one of its few professorships, and spent a large sum of money in building laboratories and equipping them with special apparatus for the study of intense magnetic fields at very low temperatures. He was on the eve of completing his first set of experiments last summer when he was detained in Russia to work for the Soviet Government. About the merely legal aspect of the situation there is no dispute. Everyone admits that the Soviet Government is within its rights. But scientists (as Mr. H. G. Wells has so frequently pointed out) look on the advancement of Science as of more importance than any considerations of political policy or national prestige. This is not a pose. It is the natural corollary of their whole-hearted devotion to the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. Discoveries in pure science, wherever they originate, are published at once, for anyone to use who can master them. Laboratories are open to visitors from all parts of the world, and technique and methods are freely shared. It is inevitable that this 'internationalism' should sooner or later come into conflict with the narrower national and political loyalties which seem to be growing daily more passionate throughout the world. A similar conflict has arisen over music and in other branches of art and learning. In the long run the wider outlook will no doubt prevail, but meanwhile the world as a whole is the poorer for every barrier that is raised, every effort to split up its intellectual and artistic activities into so many watertight compartments. Professor Kapitza's valuable investigations into the structure of matter are now being held up, and will continue to be held up unless he is allowed to return to Cambridge, or (and the logical alternative must be faced) unless his apparatus, which would take years to duplicate, is shipped after him to Russia.

* * *

More than 10,000 adults and an equal number of schoolchildren have visited the three art exhibitions* held during the past month under the auspices of the British Institute of Adult Education at places where no public art gallery exists. The Institute's observers at the three exhibitions, at Barnsley, Swindon and Silver End (Essex), report that the visitors were evidently moved by a desire to make the best of this rare opportunity of seeing good pictures of all kinds. The visitors did not hastily pass through, but made a careful and leisurely study of

what they saw, asked sensible questions and often engaged in prolonged sessions of instruction and argument as a consequence of what they had seen and heard. This interest was stimulated and satisfied by 30 successful talks on pictures which were given during the exhibitions by well-known critics such as J. E. Barton, Eric Newton, John Rothenstein, Professor Talbot Rice, Margaret Tabor and Margaret Bulley. Many teachers brought parties of children long distances to see the pictures. All three collections were arranged so as to secure a balance between tradition and experiment in art, the more advanced work naturally causing keen controversy. Thus during the month of the currency of the exhibitions, local newspapers contained almost continuous discussions of the outstanding pictures shown; likewise, the questionnaires presented to visitors were readily and intelligently filled up. An analysis of the replies to these questions is now being undertaken by the British Institute of Adult Education, in the hope that it will provide a useful indication of present standards of popular taste in pictures. Preliminary examination of the visitors' comments shows that the favourites at all the exhibitions were pictures of the 'representational' kind, but here and there warm approval (particularly on second thoughts) was expressed for the work of advanced artists. Asked to give reasons for their preferences, hundreds of visitors stated that their test is whether the picture is one 'they want to live with'. The predominant consideration is one of fidelity to 'real life'; others like a picture because 'it brings out the underlying design in ordinary things'. The exhibitions produced their quota of pleasant little incidents. A small boy, very dirty but very determined, paid no less than 16 separate visits (after school hours) to the exhibition at Swindon, each time with one or two different companions, usually smaller and dirtier than himself. Without hesitation he showed his guests the same pictures on every occasion—a Matthew Smith 'Apples in a Blue Dish', Sickert's 'Crucifixion', Stanley Spencer's 'Swan Upping', and a surrealist guitar by Ben Nicholson. Asked why he liked these pictures best, he said because they 'make things look like I haven't seen them look before'. The success of the whole experiment is measured by the large number of applications from other towns that have reached the Institute for the holding of further such exhibitions.

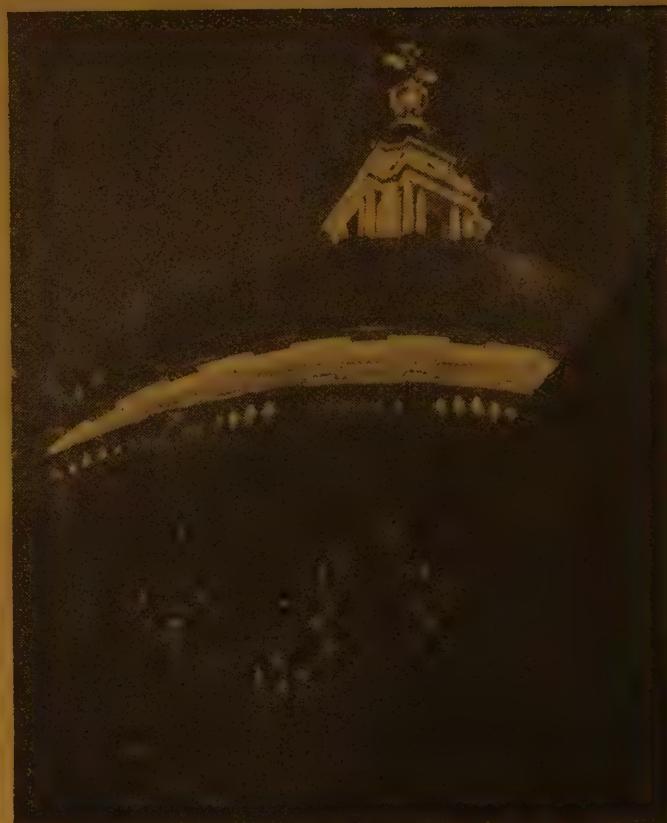
* * *

Though Vienna, even in its pre-War heyday, may never have been so gay and frivolous as the films and operettas would have us believe, it is none the less true that the Viennese are able to show a certain amount of composure in facing their social and political troubles. The latest sign of this is the revival of the cabaret, which, under the title of *Kleinbühne*, has recently become one of the most popular features of Viennese entertainment. There are now about a dozen of these in Vienna, and they are formed on the pre-War Continental model, which has little in common with the sort of entertainment that is known as cabaret in Great Britain. A real Continental cabaret is not the affair of music-hall turns and spectacular dancing that London restaurant managers supply to their patrons; it is cast on much more intellectual lines, being largely concerned with social, artistic and political themes of the day, and the audience must be prepared to listen to long and witty monologues in which public affairs are caustically discussed. This was the kind of cabaret that enjoyed so great a vogue in Germany before the War, when Wedekind and other dramatists took part as both writers and artists; and it is a good thing that such an intelligent form of entertainment should be revived in Central Europe. It is interesting to learn that frank criticism of the ruling regime is freely allowed in the Viennese *Kleinbühne*—a welcome privilege on a continent where criticism of Governments is rapidly earning the classification of a 'dangerous trade'. The Viennese revival makes one wonder again why the authentic Continental cabaret has never been able to obtain a place in the British entertainment world. Censorship, of course, might put certain difficulties in the way, but it is possible that they would not be found to be insuperable; and surely there must be a large enough public in Great Britain to appreciate an entertainment that makes some appeal to the intellect. If such a form of entertainment were established we should not need to leave our brains at home when going out for the evening.

In Floodlit London



Big Ben



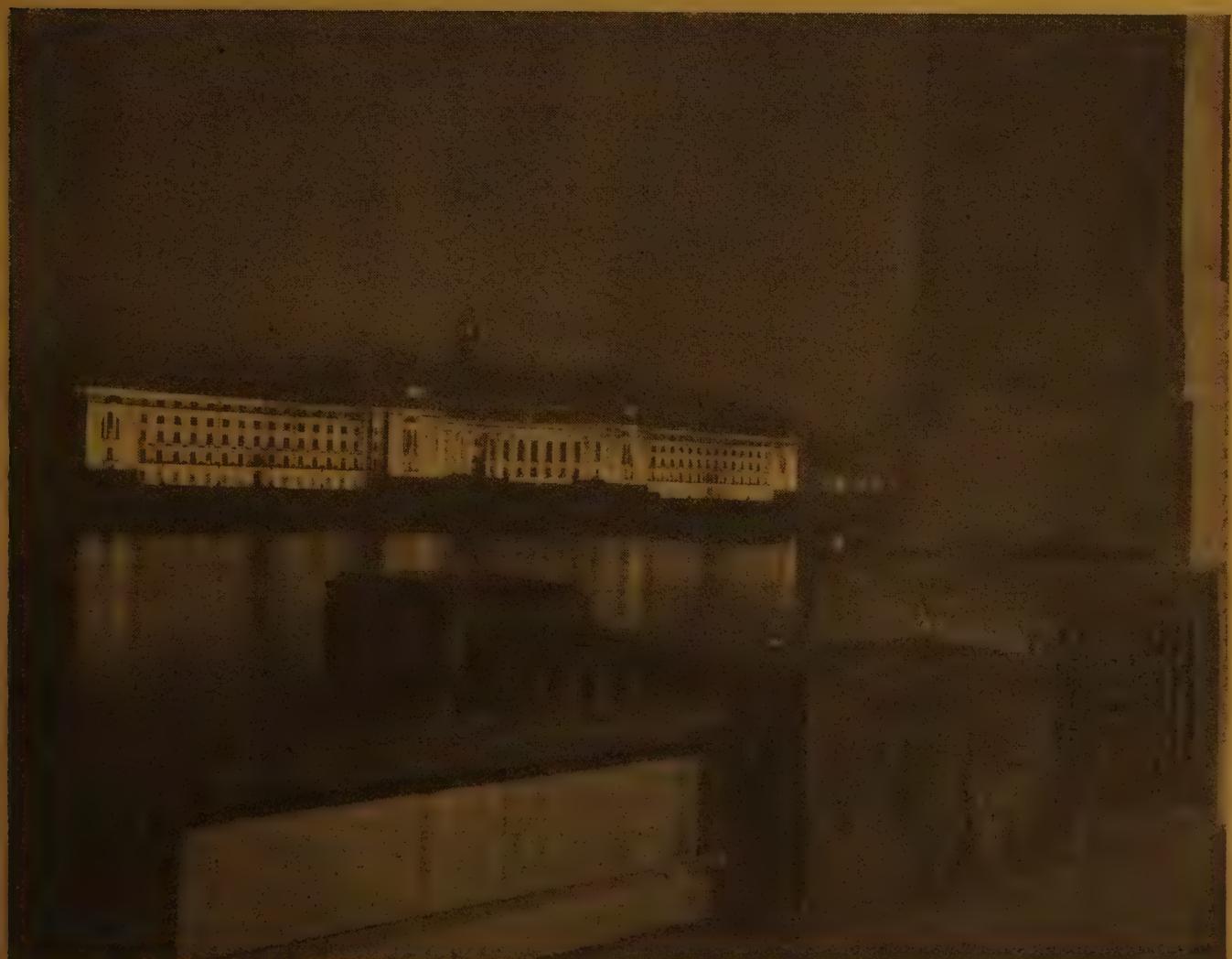
St. Paul's Cathedral



Horse Guards Parade



Hampton Court

Photo: G.E.C.

County Hall



The home of the trap-door spider, covered with moss to look like its surroundings; (centre) the spider comes home; (right) on the look-out for prey

Photos: Cherry Kearton

Filming Plants and Animals

Ingenious Creatures

By CHERRY KEARTON

DURING my photographic career, extending over forty-two years, I have often been struck by the ingenuity of some of the creatures I have filmed. Take, for instance, my Canadian experiences with the beaver, which I think ranks as one of the most wonderful of all creatures. Many hours have I sat watching and waiting for him to show himself in his little pool, and at the same time marvelling how such a little animal could cut down such big trees, and accomplish such intricate building. To show the ingenuity of the beaver and his instinct or great intelligence—for I look upon him as the most wise and energetic of all animals—I would mention that when he builds a dam he sees to it that the trees he cuts down, some of which are as thick as a telegraph pole, fall exactly the way he wishes, and he then proceeds to cut them up in lengths of about five feet.

He makes his house in the middle of the pool with some of the smaller branches. The dam is sometimes thirty to forty feet across a tiny stream—five or six feet high and four feet wide. Then he builds a reserve dam about a foot-and-a-half high, presumably reasoning that when a flood occurs the rush of water going over his main dam would not destroy the foundations when it fell into the lower water. If you approach a beaver's dam ever so cautiously, as I have done, you will find that he is a wary and suspicious little chap; the moment he is alarmed he warns the whole colony. You hear a noise that makes you think something heavy has fallen into the water, but it is made by the beaver, who has become aware of your presence either by scent or hearing and is beating the water with his tail. Once he has done this your chance of getting a view of him are nil.

The beaver's house in the middle of the pool is six or seven feet high, and about twelve feet across, and here the beaver sleeps, keeping his tail in the water so that if anything happens to the dam and the water starts to recede he knows at once that something has gone wrong.

I once tried to get some beavers to show themselves by breaking part of the centre of the dam, making an opening three feet wide and a foot deep to let the water out; and then I hid up and waited to see if they would come out and repair it; but without success. I think the beavers were watching me all the time, just like our common vole used to watch me with one

eye out of the water at a pond near Elstree. Next morning I found the dam repaired completely. I also discovered something else that set me thinking for a long time, for whilst I was opening the dam I dislodged a portion of a tree four feet long and as thick as the calf of my leg. I tried hard to put it back at the bottom of the pool again where it had come from, but it kept bobbing up like a cork, so I was compelled to leave it floating. Next morning I found the dam repaired, proving how much cleverer the beaver was than myself, for the tree was lying at the base of the dam, at the bottom of the pool again. How was it done?



Processionary caterpillars: (above) on the march head to tail; (left) breaking the line



And now let us wander from Canada right away to distant Algeria, where I found two very interesting subjects. Sitting by the side of a road leading through a wood I saw a curious long black line slowly moving along. Wondering what on earth it could be, I walked up to it and found that it consisted of caterpillars a little over an inch in size marching head to tail, and making a procession twenty feet long. I was naturally fascinated and later discovered they were processionary caterpillars whose silken nests I had seen in the trees. In the early morning they go for long marches to feed on the pines, and return in this curious way in the evening. How they found their way back to their nest puzzled me for some days until at last I discovered that a silken thread, invisible to the eye, had been laid down by them so that they had no difficulty whatever in finding their way home. I began to experiment with them by pushing one out of the line, when the whole column instantly stopped, but directly the caterpillar I had pushed out got back and made contact—that is, head and tail—off they all marched again. It did not matter if I pushed one out two feet from the beginning of the column or two feet from the end, it was all the same. This experiment seen on the screen looks very funny, and I am often asked how it is done—a question to which there is no human answer.

Another experiment I made was to remove the leader, and then I found that they were all leaders. The one that was left at the head of the column stood up on end apparently surveying the country, and, when satisfied, off he would march with the whole column following him. On another occasion I saw a small procession of them collect at a place and then the earth began to rise as they rolled round and round in a ball until at last they had all disappeared beneath the surface. I thought they had gone below to go into the chrysalis stage, but later in the day I saw them marching home again, so I went and

examined the place and found the earth only four inches deep with rock beneath, which was, of course, not deep enough for them. But next day I saw them disappear again at another place, and this time finally.

Now the interesting thing about these caterpillars is that, although the earth has gone hard and you would imagine that it would be impossible for anything to get through it from eight inches below, when the chrysalis is ready to come to the top again, it—or rather the moth—becomes a diamond drill boring its way steadily to the top, where it finally arrives, and, shaking its wings, goes out into the world. To film the life of this interesting creature would take many months, but its appearance on the screen would be a matter of minutes.

Wandering under some trees in an old Arab garden I came across a sloping bank of reddish earth, in some places covered with a little moss and in others with foliage. I examined the bank carefully with a view to finding something that might meet with the approval of the eye of my camera. In one sheltered place I thought I saw a difference in the texture of the moss, and on making a closer examination, to my great joy and delight I found I was looking at the lid or door of a trap-door spider's residence.

This home is a beautiful piece of work; the spider digs a tunnel some six or seven inches down into the earth, then she weaves a lid about the size of a shilling, with a hinge, and after that earth and moss is put on it to harmonise with the surroundings. Inside the lid is a bevelled edge which the spider grasps to hold the lid down if an enemy tries to force its way in. I tried various means to get a sight of her but she would not allow me to open the door, coax her as I would. Of course, I could have forced it, but I did not wish to. So I left the little inmate alone for the time being.

I returned to the nest several times later and began seriously to study its inmate and her ways. It was a task of some difficulty, for trap-door spiders only leave their nests in the dark. 'Perhaps', I said to myself, 'she may appear occasionally in the daytime'. So I sat in the shade of the trees, waiting and watching for that door to open till my eyes ached. I thought that the spider would at least look out occasionally for prey, and so I

the edge of the tunnel. But when I peeped round from the side she spotted me and the lid was instantly closed down. I then found a dead bee which I thought would tempt her, so lifting the lid up with a pin, I carefully pushed the bee down the tunnel and closed the door. Then I waited. After about five minutes the door was raised a little, and then a little more, which reminded me very much of the way a mole-hill moves when the mole is working underneath. Now, I thought, I shall see my spider appear! It was not long before she pushed the bee out and I had my first glimpse of the lady of the house. Then she quietly closed the door, and after a few seconds' interval she readjusted it and all was still again.

After a time I used to tease her by gently opening the lid and putting down a pipe cleaner which she would seize, and by carefully pulling it out she would come to the surface and then drop out of sight again. In the end we became quite friendly and I secured the photographs which I am now showing in my film 'The Big Game of Life'.

From Algeria let us travel down to Central Africa, where the species of white ant known as the termite builds the largest structure for its size of any creature in existence. These wonderful fortresses, which are very numerous in Central Africa, sometimes attain a height of twenty-five feet; as the size of the insect is only a quarter of an inch, the termite builds a house two thousand times its own stature. To appreciate what this means in terms of human architecture, we must try to imagine a building two-and-a-half miles high. So solid are these ant hills that I have seen a rhinoceros try to smash one without making any impression, except on himself. They look like lumps of earth thrown up, but in reality they are perfectly designed houses containing rooms and galleries wherein the termite lives a life that is entirely self-contained, occasionally making expeditions to obtain supplies, for the white ants have many enemies who could quickly exterminate them in an open fight, especially in view of the fact that they are totally blind.

The queen, whose size dwarfs that of her workers and soldiers, is about three inches long. The chamber in which the queen lies is slightly below ground-level and is the centre of all activity within the fortress. She produces eggs night and day

The termite and its home
Below: ant-hill 25ft. high. Left:
queen, 3 ins. long, with her
attendants. Right: ants repairing damage to hill



continued to watch. I must have got jumpy with excitement for at least a dozen times I could have sworn the door was lifted up and down and the spider was peeping out. At length to satisfy myself I quietly took a photograph of the door just at the time when I thought that I saw the lid up, but when I had developed the plate I found my eyes had deceived me.

However, to my delight one morning, I noticed the door was open about an eighth-of-an-inch—the feet of the spider were visible along



at an approximate rate of one per second. In the fortress the workers have their allotted tasks, and soldiers guard them, being always on duty, ready to repel an attack from invaders. Should the queen die, the place is deserted. On one occasion I selected an ant hill of average height in order to try to study the habits of the insects at close quarters, and I opened up the base of the hill. I then removed the central nest, which measured about eighteen inches across. This nest was made of finer material than the fortress above it, with numerous oblong galleries wound among pillars. Then I took my hunting knife and split the nest open, and within this inner

chamber I at last laid bare what was perhaps the most extraordinary spectacle I have ever seen in the amazing world of insects.

I was looking into an oval chamber with a polished floor, having a groove in the centre in which lay the queen, an enormous flabby creature when compared with her subjects. She was certainly not a queen of beauty as she lay there apparently helpless. In an outer ring were some of the soldiers of the fortress; they were much more powerful than the workers, and armed with enormous pincers attached to their heads, ready to defend the mother of their race. As I watched this extraordinary scene, the queen began to show signs of distress, which was probably shared by all the smaller ants, for these fortresses are designed to preserve an even temperature round

the queen, and any alteration in their heating system which may be due to outside interference such as my excavation is quickly noticed. I therefore hurriedly restored the dome-like top of the nest and replaced the whole in the space under the ant hill from which I had taken it, and the damage was completely repaired within a few days.

These are but four examples of the magic that is daily going on around us in the world of nature, and if what I have told you has awakened within you any wonderment at the creatures of the earth, it will have done good, for only when we realise how marvellous are the feats of what we call the lesser animals, do we begin to see the human race in its right perspective. Nature has always inspired me by the fine determination of its billion creatures to work unceasingly, one for the other.

Custom and Conduct

The Power of the Instincts

By HENRY A. MESS

AMONG the qualities of body and of mind determined by our parentage are the instincts, that is to say, strong tendencies to react in certain ways to certain kinds of situation. To fear danger and to try to escape from it is a natural reaction of all living creatures; but some species of animals are more fearful than others, some men are more timid than others. To resist and to attack those whose interests clash with ours, and to feel angry with them, is another strong tendency, implanted in more or less degree in everybody; pugnacity is seldom, if ever, altogether lacking, and in most of us it is pretty strong. A third common reaction to unpleasant persons or to unpleasant things is repulsion; we turn away in disgust. In the presence of something strange, we feel curiosity; again, in very varying degrees, there are some who are only mildly interested, whilst in others inquisitiveness is a compelling passion. Gregariousness is another instinct, strong in some animals and lacking in others; man is certainly a gregarious creature; normally he needs company, and can only stand solitude in small doses. Acquisitiveness is another common instinct, which men share with dogs and magpies and many other creatures; we want to have a store of our own. Constructiveness is yet another human instinct, perhaps not so universal, but most men like to make something, and with many it is a passion and a vital need. Then there are a pair of instincts, opposite and complementary to one another, the instincts which Mr. Graham Wallas called the 'give a lead' instinct and the 'take a lead' instinct; Professor McDougall calls them self-assertiveness and self-abasement. And then there are the instincts which bind us most closely to our kind; there is the sex instinct, there is the parental instinct, and there is a certain amount of urge to kindness to one another, which may perhaps have originated in family feeling and be an extension of it. I am not sure that one ought not to add, as a kind of twin opposed instinct, a certain strain of cruelty; quite a number of keen observers of human nature have detected a faint pleasure which is commonly felt when we perceive the suffering of others. I should like you to think about that. Is there or is there not something in us which finds satisfaction, quickly checked in every decent man or woman, when someone else is in trouble?

Well, these are the chief instincts in man; there are probably others; you will know, many of you, that I have been following in the main Professor McDougall's account of them. There are other simpler responses to stimulation, such as blinking and sneezing and the watering of the mouth at the smell of food; these are usually called reflexes; but there is no hard and fast line between a reflex and an instinct.

Now in the lower creation instinct often follows a very narrow groove. Many insects, for instance, perform long trains of actions, which they have certainly not learned from others of their kind, and the outcome of which they cannot possibly know. These actions are often wonderfully calculated to serve their ends; but also they seem to be done very mechanically and they are not easily modified to meet unusual circumstances.

There are many famous descriptions of this. There is a kind of caterpillar, not found in this country, which forms a procession when it goes in search of food*. Fabre, the famous French naturalist, once placed a number of these caterpillars in a circle on the rim of a flower pot, and they marched and marched for seven days on end, before they gave up and went home. Instinct, you see, works very stiffly; it is wonderfully suited to its end in most ordinary circumstances, but it is likely to be misleading and even destructive in unusual circumstances. But even in the humblest living animals instinct does not seem to be quite mechanical; there is usually some power of adaptation to a new set of circumstances.

Complications of Self-Consciousness and Reason

In the higher animals, and especially in man, the workings of instinct are complicated and often masked by the operations of memory, instruction, and in human beings by self-consciousness and reason. None the less, instinctive elements in human conduct are clearly discernible. An infant is able at once to perform the complicated muscular movements involved in sucking. Arrived at a certain age he or she will enter upon the still more complicated system of muscular actions involved in walking. (It is quite a mistake to suppose that a child needs to be taught to walk.) Later on instinct will impel a young man or young woman to seek a mate; yet here the working of the instinct will be much complicated by training, by example, by the ideals and constraints of society. Instinct plays a different role in man from that which it plays in the lower creation; its impulses are probably not less strong, but they are less definite; they move us to conduct of a certain kind, but a wider variety is possible in the means and forms of expression.

The instinct to avoid danger, for instance, and the attendant emotion of fear, is universal and powerful in human beings; but it can take many forms. It may be the simple physical expression in flight; but equally it may be the shrinking of a timid mind from some new proposition or from some proposed alteration in his way of life. Fear is one element in religion. And, strange as it may seem, fear is also an ingredient in many pleasures, from mountaineering to the common thrill of the switchback. Pugnacity, again, can find expression in many different ways: it finds its outlet not only, or most often, in physical assault, but also in teasing and sarcasm, and a variety of competitive games, and in propaganda of many kinds. And so one could run through the list. Curiosity, for instance, makes the gossip and the scandalmonger, but it also makes the man of science.

And how compelling the instincts are. The pugnacious person, we say, is spoiling for a fight; and a fight of some kind he must have. Parents and schoolmasters are always devising harmless outlets for the pugnacity of their boys. The world today needs to find suitable outlets for that great overplus of pugnacity with which a large part of the human race is endowed. Or take the gregarious instinct: human beings are so

* Mr. Cherry Kearton gives further details of this caterpillar's habits in his talk on 'Ingenious Creatures' published on page 782

constituted that they like company and must have it; they find a positive pain in loneliness except for short periods. Part of the pleasure of spectators at a great football match is to be members of a huge crowd. And sheer pleasure in the company of other human beings is a large ingredient in social intercourse. Why do we go out to dinner, and give parties, and join clubs? If we only met and talked when we had something important to say to one another, we should see much less of one another than we do. No, it is obvious that we often meet and talk, not to give or to receive information, but as a species of contact which our gregarious instinct makes us desire and need.

Conflicting Instincts

Sometimes it happens that two instincts come into conflict. A common and amusing example of this is the behaviour of a calf when a stranger comes into the field or looks over the gate. Curiosity drives the calf to come near to have a good look at the stranger; fear causes it to draw back; and very often there is a quick alternation of advances and retirements. Similar conflicts of instincts are frequent in human life and can be very painful. Often a man would hurt another if he dared; he is willing to wound and yet afraid to strike; pugnacity and fear are in conflict. Or it may be compassion and greed which are at odds. And only too often, especially in the case of women, ambition and love cannot both be gratified.

There are several ways in which we can deal with the impulses of our instincts. There is the primary expression, as when pugnacity is roused and a blow follows. Or pugnacity may find an indirect expression in sarcasm or in obstructiveness. Or it may be sublimated, as when we harness it to some piece of worthy propaganda, or to nerve us to overcome the forces of Nature—we talk of the conquest of Mount Everest, you know. Or there may be clear and conscious inhibition of an instinct, that is to say we may refuse to allow it expression, as, for instance, when a man or a woman adopts celibacy from some high motive. Or an instinctive urge may be suppressed and forgotten, a process which is often attended with considerable danger, as the literature of psycho-therapy abundantly illustrates.

One practitioner tells of a patient, a woman violinist, who came to him suffering from violent neuritis of the arm which made it impossible for her to play. He found on inquiry that sometime before she had broken off a love affair, thinking that marriage and the cares of a family would render impossible her career as a musician. She had thrust down and tried to forget a strong instinctive urge, and it took revenge upon her by making her ill in a manner which forbade the alternative for which it had been sacrificed. And there is no doubt that the baulking of instincts is responsible for a good deal of ill health, both physical and mental. There are many persons employed in industry and commerce who do not find sufficient outlet for their constructiveness and for their legitimate ambitions; and that is a cause of a good deal of personal unhappiness and of social unrest. Many of them, it is true, can find compensation in the pursuits of their leisure time; the man whose office work is sheer routine can have a workshop or a garden or can take an active part in the affairs of his trade union or of some propagandist society.

The expressions of the instincts are much modified in man by thought and memory and intercourse with others. Thus love of man and woman has the sexual urge at its core, but love is much more than mere appetite. Resentment has anger as its kernel, but resentment is not mere rage. Love and resentment are more intellectualised and more enduring than lust and rage; the originating instinct has been embedded in a sentiment. A sentiment, in the sense in which psychologists use the word, is a body of thought and feeling of some duration, often organising a number of instincts. Thus patriotism is a sentiment, conjugal love is a sentiment, class sympathy is a sentiment. Love of husband and wife has, or has had, in all normal cases a core of mating instinct; allied with that is tender emotion; there is also some gratification of the acquisitive instinct (this is 'my man', 'my woman'). It is immensely strengthened by parenthood, which attaches to the other instincts already in play the great instinct to care for the young. Finally, a marriage which might otherwise break down, is often held together by fear of public opinion, which makes husband

and wife desire the good opinion of their fellows and fear to break the established convention.

Our Beliefs Governed by Our Emotions

A sentiment which organises powerful instincts has great emotional forces attaching to it; and it is very tenacious and resistant to anything which might disintegrate it. Recent psychology has emphasised the fact, which wise men have known for many centuries, that our emotions colour our beliefs. We want to think something is true, we want to think we ought to take a certain line of action; and our reason supplies arguments why it should be true and why we should do it. Psychologists call this process rationalisation. A famous example of rationalisation was the Russian soldiers myth of 1914. Millions of Englishmen wanted, wanted very badly, to hear of reinforcements on the Western front; and before long their reason supplied arguments for believing that eighty thousand Russians were passing through England.

In short, our reason is not to be trusted when strong emotion is in play. Mr. Bernard Hart has expressed this very vigorously and neatly. He says: 'That a man generally knows why he thinks in a certain way and why he does certain things is a widespread and cherished belief of the human race. It is for the most part an erroneous one'. The belief in the Russian soldiers was an extreme case, possible in the exceptional emotional stress of that period. Milder cases of rationalisation are easy to find all around us. Bias of many kinds prejudices our judgments. It is recognised in law and in public life that a man is not a safe judge in any matter where his own pecuniary interests are involved; it is not that he is consciously dishonest, it is simply that he is incapable of appreciating at full value arguments which run counter to his natural desires. In the same way the best of scientists has to make an effort to appreciate the arguments of a rival scientist of whom he is jealous. The confirmed party politician is incapable of feeling any weight in the arguments of the opposing party. The sectarian welcomes evidence which confirms his own views and shuts his eyes to that which conflicts with it. Nationalism clouds the reason; no mere argument will convince the French of the justice of German claims or convince the Germans of the justice of French claims; powerful instincts are at work in both French and Germans: fear, pugnacity, self-assertiveness; and when the instincts speak, reason finds them the words they like.

And indeed this truth is enshrined in the familiar saying, 'The wish is father to the thought', and in the old rhyme:

A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.

It isn't usually sufficient to convince a man's mind; you must capture his emotions.

Departmentalising Our Lives

But quite often you have two conflicting sentiments within the same man; and then they may give him a lot of trouble. But the human mind is very resourceful, and it has a remarkable knack of keeping incompatible ideas in watertight compartments. The technical term for this is 'dissociation'. In few of us is there complete harmony of all our sentiments. We want incompatibles, we think incompatibles, and we departmentalise our lives. One strong sentiment may dominate a man's business life, and a very different sentiment may dominate his religious life. Such a man may give the appearance of hypocrisy; but he is not necessarily a conscious hypocrite; he is a divided personality.

Sometimes the instinctive energy attaching to a sentiment may be diverted to reinforce the energy attaching to another sentiment. Thus a political cause may be much helped if it can be made to appear that it is supported by the sanctions of religion. Politicians and other propagandists know how convenient it is to proclaim a crusade. In the same way, a political party can be much aided if it can make use of the emotions belonging to the sentiment of patriotism: to print a Union Jack on your canvassing literature may bring you quite a number of votes. It is a considerable part of the art of propaganda to know how to tap the emotional energy of some great accepted sentiment and to use it to strengthen one's own cause. The advertising experts know the last thing about all this. It is a

good exercise in psychology to read through the advertisements in the newspaper and to see what instincts are put under appeal. Very commonly it is the sex instinct. You know the kind of thing: 'Romance was passing her by. Nearly all her school-fellows were getting married. Why do men run after Violet and not after me? Someone told her about Blank's face cream . . . And then—with appropriate picture—'What a charming bride Muriel is'. Often an advertisement bases its appeal on fear: fear of old age, fear of poverty, fear of social displeasure, fear of illness.

While the more important sentiments are of considerable tenacity and duration, they are subject to modification, and they may disappear entirely. Thus, a man may experience a series of romantic attachments to different women; in each case there is the growth and decay of a sentiment. A man's attachment to a political party or to a religious denomination may cease. And sentiments, though they are resistant, do change by the impact of new facts and of new experience; and they are altered sometimes by reflection and by argument. For when the most has been said about human irrationality, it remains true that the distinguishing feature of man, and the most important fact about him, is that he does reason.

How far can man control his own nature? And can human nature be changed?—two questions, often asked, upon which what I have been saying ought to throw some light. A man cannot change his instincts; nor is there any reason to think that human instincts are altering much from century to century. If instincts are transmitted by the process of physical heredity, and there is every reason to suppose that they are, they will be, like other hereditary traits, very persistent from generation to generation. Many nineteenth-century writers thought otherwise, but today we do not think that the circumstances and conduct of a parent's life have much effect on the heredity he passes on to his offspring. There is little reason to think that the instincts of mankind are much different today from what they have been for thousands of years past, or that

they are likely to be much different in the future. Men and women are, and probably will be, just about as pugnacious, as gregarious, as curious, and so on, as they have been. What may have happened, and may happen again, is that races and groups differing in the relative strength of their instincts may alter in numerical proportion. It is possible, for instance, that some of the more pugnacious stocks died out as the result of the internecine Barons' Wars of fifteenth-century England; and it is possible that if our attempts at international agreement fail, the incurably quarrelsome groups may exhaust and mutually exterminate themselves, and a world be left in which the races and groups less overweighted with pugnacity will survive. But otherwise there is no reason to believe that the process of civilisation alters the instincts.

But the reaction to the impulses of instinct may be of many kinds and can be profoundly altered. Pugnacity can find many outlets, some useful and some harmful; and the same is true of curiosity, and of most of the other instincts. In what way the instinctive energies of men are expressed depends largely upon ideas and ideals, customs and institutions. An institution such as marriage harnesses the tremendous urge of sex to purposes consistent with the well-being of society. The institution of property canalises the strength of the acquisitive instinct. The welfare of the human race depends in large measure upon the suitability of institutions which are created. Changed institutions can change society.

We can now supply answers to our two questions. Can man control his own nature? Yes, but only by understanding it and respecting its needs. Social schemes which merely repress, merely starve, the great human instincts are mischievous and doomed ultimately to failure. The wise reformer works with the grain of human nature and not against it. Can human nature be changed? Well, that depends upon what you mean by human nature. If you mean by human nature the raw material of instincts and temperaments, the answer is probably, No. But if you mean the finished product of character and behaviour, the answer is emphatically, Yes.

The Royal Academy

THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION is one of the liveliest of recent Academies. It gives an exhilarating survey of the greater portion of our contemporary production in art. The works have been selected from a more extended range of subjects than usual, and modernity of treatment has not been excluded.

The official portraiture possesses a refreshing vitality. There is a full-length portrait of the King by Sir Arthur Cope and a marble bust by Sir W. Reid Dick. A bronze statuette by the late C. Sergeant Jagger represents the Prince of Wales in the informality of tennis kit, while Simon Elwes paints a 'Duchess of York' of a graceful, natural dignity, and Edmond Brock a 'Princess Margaret Rose' full of unforced charm.

The six portraits by Augustus John have all his accustomed acute reading of character and masterly technique. One of his sitters, Lord David Cecil, has also been painted by Henry Lamb, whose 'Evening in the Village' easily ranks among the best pictures in the exhibition.

It shows a country street of brick cottages. Labourers sit in a group by the hedge, while their wives gossip at the garden gates and a youth on his motor-bicycle stops to chat with a friend. It is not a promising subject, but the glow of evening light flooding the canvas and the rhythmic pattern of its composition transmute dull realism into the enchantment of beauty.

Richard Sickert's portrait of Lord Castlerosse is another outstanding work. The imposing figure, in a white waistcoat and tawny tweeds, towers up with robust buoyancy. It is a bold presentation, illuminated with humour, compelling by its delightful harmony of colour and the ease both of the pose and the execution. But it makes some of its neighbours among the portraits seem unlifelike and frigid.

Rex Whistler weaves a country mansion, its owners, and their dog into a formal design of restrained, delicate tone. Just the right turn of novelty in handling a well-worn subject may place it among 'the Pictures of the Year'. The works of Stanley

Spencer show the same spirit of adventure in dealing with themes of everyday life, though over-attention to detail tends to mar their unity.

There is plenty of invention and freshness of point of view in this year's show, and some of the old favourites on new canvases are present also. It would not seem a real Academy unless it contained at least one band of pirates and a few vessels riding impossibly stormy seas. These are provided, but on the whole the 'subject-picture' is not conspicuous. Scenes of English landscape and country life form the largest class of exhibits, among which the virile work of A. J. Munnings, the famous painter of horses, is sure of popularity.

The sculpture is poor, consisting mainly of unimportant statuettes, but a very high standard is preserved in the water-colours. From too much colour, however, there is happy relief amid the quiet, conscientious craftsmanship of the black-and-white room. The drawings, engravings and etchings, though too often passed in haste, include much of the most finely-conceived, though not flamboyant, work in the exhibition.

T. W. EARP

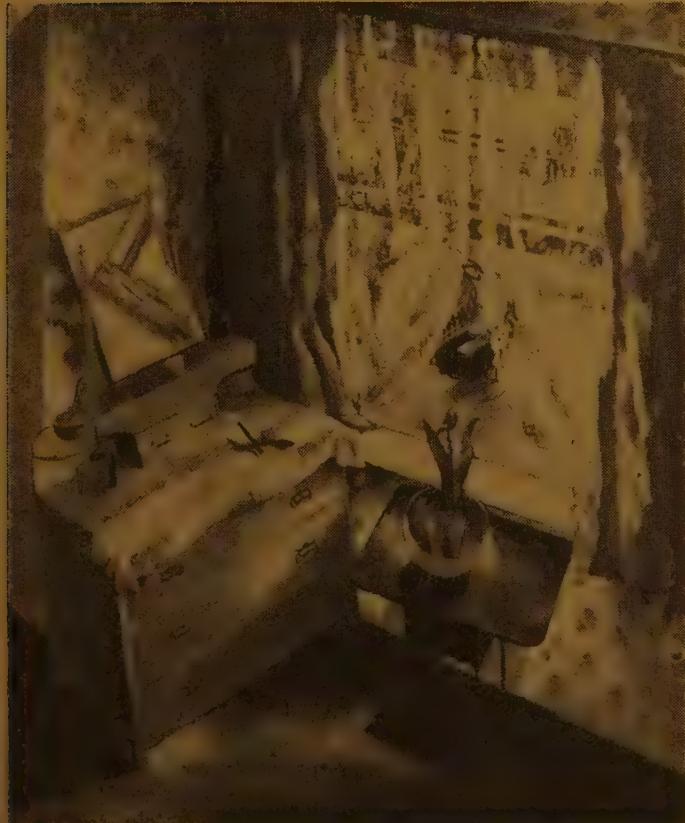
The Committee against Malnutrition, which was founded a year ago, is holding a public meeting at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1, at 8 p.m., on Thursday, May 16. Professor V. H. Mottram will take the chair, and the speakers will include Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., Dr. Janet M. Vaughan, Professor J. R. Marrack and Dr. J. Needham. The aim of the Committee, which consists of members of the medical profession and scientific and social workers, is to give publicity to facts of undernourishment among families of unemployed and lowly-paid workers, and to place its material at the disposal of responsible individuals or organisations. Tickets for the meeting can be obtained for 1s. each from the Hon. Secretary, Committee against Malnutrition, 19c Eagle Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

This Year's Academy

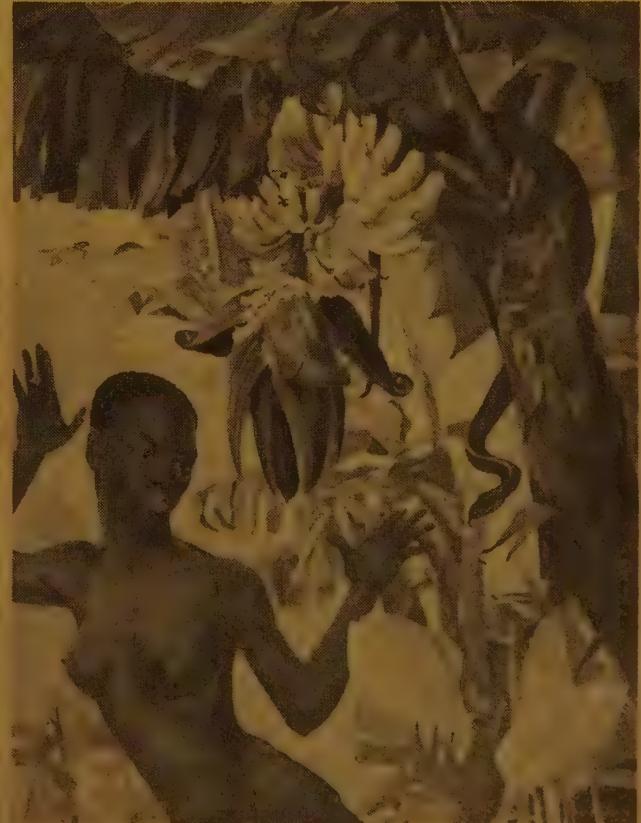
A selection of pictures from the 1935 Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, which opened on May 6



Evening in the Village, by Henry Lamb



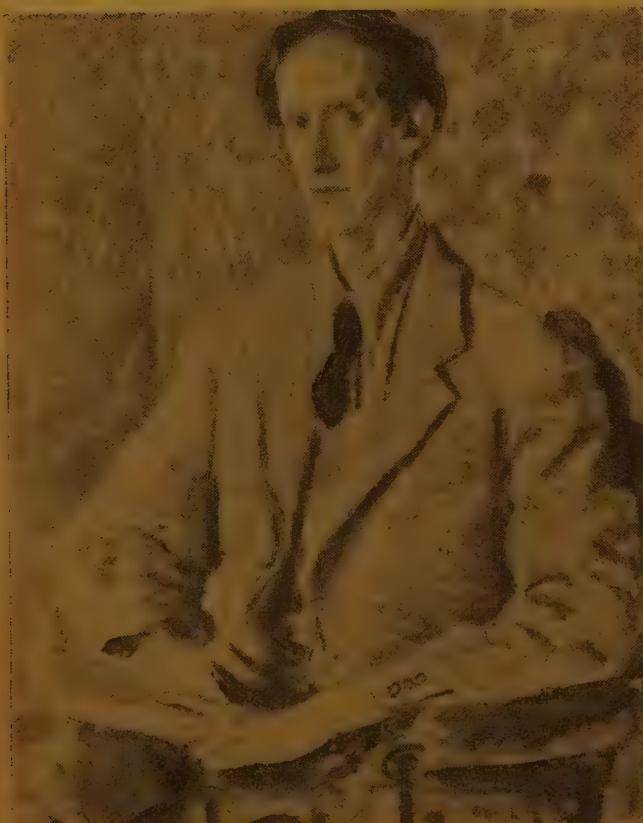
Room with a View, by Margaret Fitton



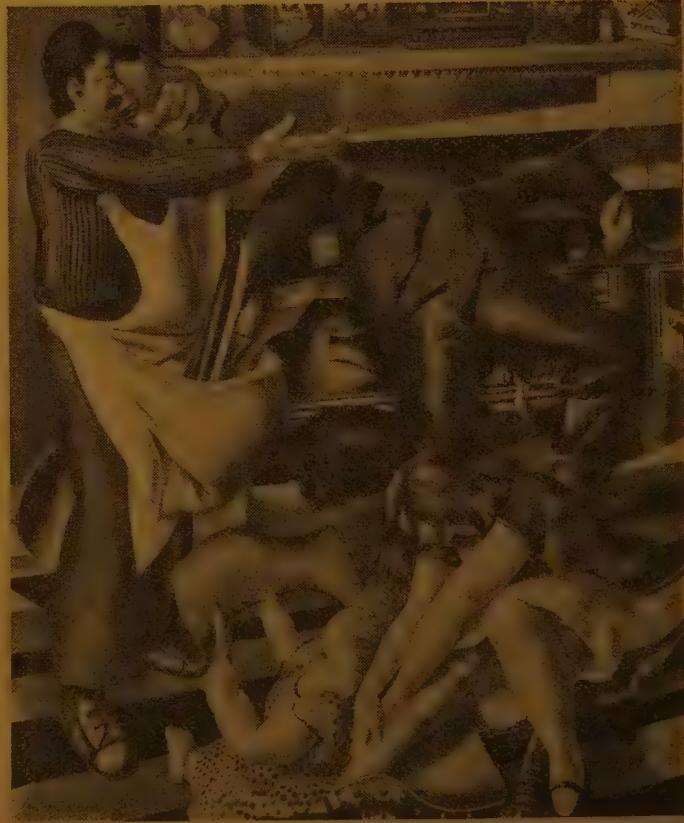
The Snake, by W. E. B. Hardman



Elizabeth and Valerian Wellesley at Pains in the Rocks, by Rex Whistler



Lord David Cecil, by Augustus John



Workmen in the House, by Stanley Spencer

Copyright reserved for owners by 'Royal Academy Illustrated'

RADIO NEWS-REEL APRIL 27–MAY 3

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



ON THE HILLS OF NAZARETH

The King has consented to the planting of a forest in the Hills of Nazareth to be known by his name. The King George V Forest will be the largest reafforestation effort so far made in the Holy Land. It will cover an area of 1,500 acres and the planting of 1½ million trees will begin almost at once. The site of the new forest is west of Nazareth as shown in the map, and the hills can be seen in the distance in the photograph above



YUNNAN-FU

The picture above shows the bridge across the moat at Yunnan-fu, with the old West Gate, and on the left the ancient Pagoda

ARMS ENQUIRY

The Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture and Trade in Arms photographed at its first meeting in Middlesex Guildhall on May 1. The members, reading from left to right in the back row, are: Professor Gutteridge, Sir Thomas Allen, Sir Philip Gibbs, Sir John Eldon Bankes (Chairman), Dame Rachel Crowdy, Sir Kenneth Lee, and Mr. J. A. Spender. The first witness was Lord Cecil, who gave evidence on behalf of the League of Nations Union. He said that many members of the Union were of opinion that the manufacture of arms should be made a State monopoly, while others believed that it would be possible to establish effective control of the industry. They all, however, would desire agreement with the United States, and, as the first step, the adoption of measures not less effective than those which the American Government recently proposed

COMMUNISTS APPROACH YUNNAN-FU
On May 1, Communist troops were reported to be within 15 miles of Yunnan-fu, the capital of the province of Yunnan in the south-west of China. British, French and American residents were evacuated by train from the city. Thirty thousand Nanking Government troops are following the Communists, and reinforcements are arriving in the city, which the Provincial Government is determined to defend





MALVERN HILLS

The National Trust has been able to draw up a scheme which will ensure by means of covenants, to be effective for all time, that an unbroken stretch of country on the Malvern Hills shall remain in its present state of rural loveliness. The northern part of the range is already under the protection of the Malvern Conservators. The area now added covers something like 1,200 acres.



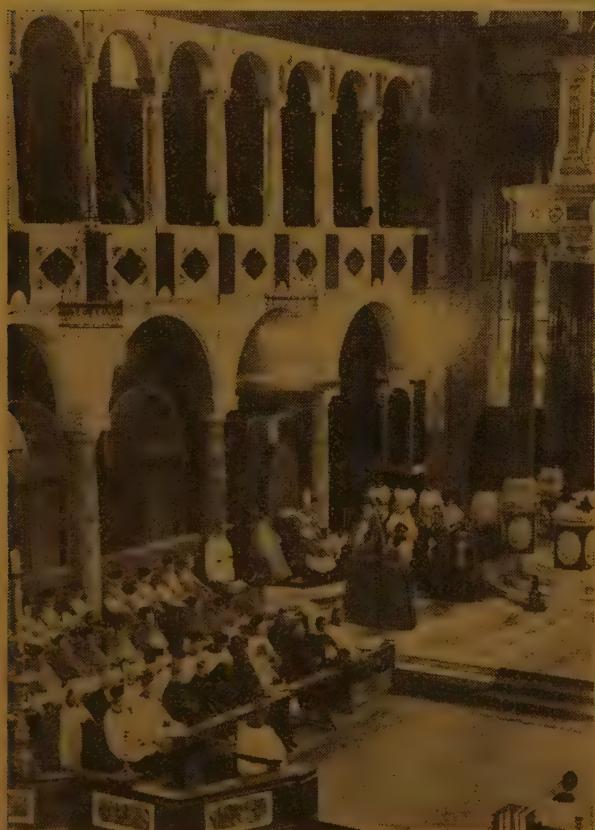
NEW RULE AT COVENT GARDEN

This season Sir Thomas Beecham has instituted a new rule at Covent Garden, by which late-comers are not allowed to enter the auditorium until the end of the first act.



GERMAN NAVAL PREPARATIONS

On April 27 the Reichswehr Ministry in Berlin denied the report that Germany was building 12 submarines in violation of the Versailles Treaty. The official who made the statement said that nothing of the kind was being contemplated, because all naval questions would be discussed in the near future at the conference of experts in London. Two days later Sir John Simon revealed in the House of Commons that the German Government had intimated that orders had been given for the construction of twelve 250-ton submarines, and Reuter's were told authoritatively in Berlin that these orders had been placed with various German shipyards in Hamburg, Kiel and Stettin. The following day German newspapers gave great prominence to Sir John Simon's announcement, but published no comment of any description. At the same time the German Government asked for the naval talks to be postponed until after May 15, when Herr Hitler hoped to make an important statement on foreign policy. Meanwhile in the *Giornale d'Italia* there appeared an article by Signor Virginio Gayda (who is often the mouthpiece of Mussolini), purporting to give details and figures of the German programme of naval construction for 1935-38. This programme would bring the German navy within 10,000 tons of the limit allowed to France by the Washington Treaty. Finally on May 1 Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell added some particulars to Sir John Simon's statement. The British naval attaché in Berlin was officially informed about the submarines on April 26. The orders for machinery and armaments were given at Christmas; for the hulls themselves about the middle of April. The first batch will probably be completed within six months. There are, of course, no pictures yet of Germans building submarines: the photograph above shows a group of the Marinejugend training ahead of time on land.



ENTHRONEMENT AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

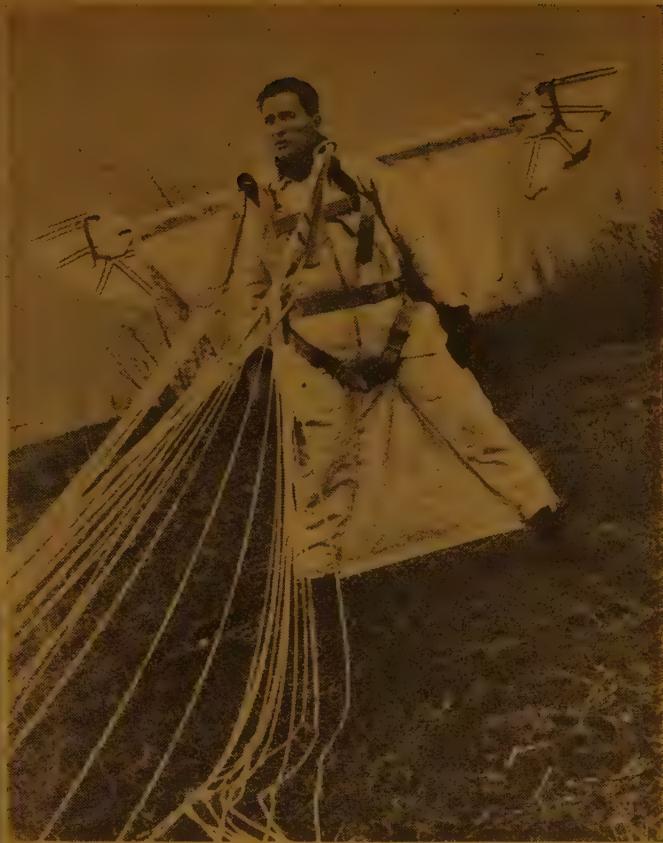
The photograph on the left was taken in Westminster Cathedral on April 29, and shows the enthronement of the Most Reverend Arthur Hinsley as Archbishop of Westminster.



From the Bibliothèque de Valenciennes (courtesy of 'L'Illustration')

WINGS, ANCIENT—

This is Leonardo da Vinci's design for a flying apparatus which anticipated the contraption on the right by rather over five centuries. The similarity of structure is striking, but it may be deceptive; for da Vinci seems to have intended his wings to be worked by some system of cords and levers, whereas the Russian flyer flapped them directly with his arms.



—AND MODERN

Soviet aviators have been making a number of experiments lately in the hope of discovering some method of flying by flapping wings, more or less after the manner of a bat. G. A. Schmidt, the Russian parachute expert, is here seen with the latest form of artificial wings. The photograph was taken just after he had landed from a flight of almost a mile. He went up in an aeroplane to a height of 9,000 feet and then launched out, looking, so the reports say, like Daedalus. But, in the end, it may have been more like Icarus; for in the latter part of his descent he got into a tail-spin and had to come down with the help of his parachute.



AT THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

The Exhibition was opened by King Leopold of the Belgians on April 27. It covers 350 acres and almost every country in Europe is represented. The view at night was described by Mr. John Gloag as 'a fantasy in glass and water and light'.

NATIVE PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA

Native affairs occupied the attention of the South African Parliament during the early part of last week. A Native Representation Bill was introduced providing for the election of four senators to the Union Parliament. The natives will be registered in four electoral areas, and no natives, other than those who now possess the vote, will be registered in the ordinary parliamentary register. A second Bill provides for the establishment of a Native Advisory Council of twenty-two to advise Parliament in native affairs. The net result is that the natives, who outnumber the Whites by more than three to one, will have four elected and four appointed representatives out of a total of 190 in the Union Parliament. A further Bill proposes to establish a Native Trust administered by the Governor-General, and to release 14 million acres of land to natives for stock and cultivation. The picture on the right shows part of the native quarter in Cape Town, the capital of the Union.





MAY DAY AT MAGDALEN TOWER

May Day this year was celebrated throughout England with the traditional ceremonial—marred, however, in many places by the weather. The crowd above stood in the rain to hear the College choir singing at dawn from the Tower of Magdalen College, Oxford

May Day Celebrations and Cup-Final

CUP-FINAL AT WEMBLEY

Below: A picture taken during the play at the cup-final on April 27, when Sheffield Wednesday beat West Bromwich Albion by 4 goals to 2



MAY DAY IN GERMANY

In Berlin, on the First of May, Herr Hitler addressed an enormous crowd on the Tempelhof field in the face of a regular blizzard which came suddenly just as he arrived. The demonstration was an official one of German labour, and the dominant note of the Führer's speech was insistence on national duty. It was symbolic, both of the day and of the change which has come over Germany, that the brown shirted storm trooper was scarcely anywhere visible, and in spite of the snow, the audience, either in ordinary clothes or in the blue tunics and peaked caps of the Labour Service, cheered loudly when Herr Hitler concluded: 'We do not want war or unrest; just as we restored peace among our people, so we desire peace for the world'. In Munich, however, the May Day celebrations were abandoned. The reason given was the weather, but according to the Exchange Telegraph Company's correspondent, the great majority of the workers refused flatly to be formed up and marched about



IN HYDE PARK

Thousands of workers from the four corners of London marched in the afternoon to the usual May Day demonstration in Hyde Park. There were 25 platforms, and many of the speakers attacked the Jubilee celebrations. The photographer has caught Mr. Tom Mann in the middle of his speech to an interested audience

Freedom

Freedom that Destroys Itself

By WYNDHAM LEWIS

THE sort of Freedom that is being canvassed in this series of talks has been accepted by the speakers who have preceded me as a very fine thing indeed. Even Mr. Herbert Morrison professed to think it so. But he approves, as we know, of the most oppressive system of State autocracy that it is possible to imagine, namely that obtaining in Soviet Russia—where free speech, freedom of the Press, *Habeas Corpus*, the right of free assembly, universal suffrage, and so on, are unknown playthings of a sunny pagan Western culture, long since superseded. So of course, as far as Mr. Morrison is concerned, lip-service, merely, is being paid to the old liberalist ideology. He would, I have no doubt, be willing to inflate himself and sing ‘Britons never shall be slaves’ with the best—just as his friends in Moscow drink the King’s health.

Mr. Garvin, too, says that Freedom is a very fine thing indeed. He thinks it is just as fine as Mr. Morrison does. But having extolled its historic beauties, he proceeds to a rather contradictory conclusion. He says that, after all, we are perhaps too free—just for the moment, that is: perhaps there is an element of weakness in this irresponsible Freedom which we enjoy: yes, we had better perhaps—only for the present—drop Party, dispense with the traditional English ‘right of Opposition’, become even more ‘National’ than at present: and—last but not least—perhaps the Englishman would do well, he suggests, to accustom himself to the rather foreign notion of leadership—of *Führerschaft*. ‘Democracy’, he says, ‘in its way depends on leadership just as much as any of the controlled societies’: at the present juncture a Leader distinctly is what England requires—in face of all these iron Cæsars by which we are surrounded! This is Mr. Garvin’s conclusion.

Reasoning that Made Hitler Possible

Well there, I am very much afraid, the cat is out of the bag. For is not that just how the Germans argued, faced with the Marxist alternative, when they, by democratic vote, made Hitler’s ‘Cæsarism’ possible? There rises before our eyes, as Mr. Garvin proceeds, a sort of *Führer* in disarming mufti, a perhaps slightly hypocritical Hitler. ‘We may say with some truth’, Mr. Garvin began by announcing, ‘that Lenin was the father of both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler’. Here, I am sorry to have to say, we are unquestionably assisting at the gestation of yet another counter-Cæsar—if I might venture such a remark, one begotten upon the Mother of Parliaments in the fuss and flurry of a great emergency.

So both at the extremity of the left-wing—as represented by Mr. Morrison or by Sir Stafford Cripps—and now among the more energetic Conservatives, we may observe more than a toying with the Cæsarian solution. All continue to exclaim that we must at all costs never let Freedom down. But this very insistence is a sign of the times.

Now, in this matter of prefacing what one has to say with a paean to freedom, I see no particular reason why I should follow suit. Freedom for the individual as turned out by the social democratic, mildly left-wing, democracies of the West, cannot be regarded as an unmixed blessing. It is, in fact, so very mixed as to spell extinction for all the higher liberties which have a greater claim upon us as civilised men than anything else that we possess. One speaker’s suggestion that the good little democrat should (in his morning tub?) ‘for a few minutes each day’ think hard about Freedom and nothing else, with a salvationist intensity, appears to me little short of wicked. He should rather be discouraged from ever thinking about Freedom at all, that is obvious. He has thought far too much about Freedom as it is—and far too little about all those things that could alone make Freedom valuable. No, let him at all costs be kept off that subject. There are more pressing things for him to think about just now.

The true political genus ‘individual’ only exists upon the lower planes of life. The average sensual man—the ‘goodtimer’, the ‘cosy’ little clubman—he is the individual *par excellence*. He is the incarnation of the nineeenth-century idea of ‘en-

lightened self-interest’. And it is only in connection with him that we come to talk about Freedom at all; for there is no Freedom for the religious mind, or the philosophic mind. For any man who is dedicated to a great religious, a great intellectual, or a great political task, his Freedom as an individual is not only unimportant, it is meaningless.

Lest, however, you should jump to the conclusion that I am insensible to the benefits of true Freedom, or am inviting you to subscribe to some arrogant system of the superman variety, let me illustrate what I mean. That Freedom for Jack-the-Ripper would be a bad thing we are all agreed. That Freedom for the crook is undesirable is beyond dispute—although the man I should call a crook you might prefer to call a financier. But death is not the worst thing that can happen to us, nor even the loss of a life’s savings. There are intellectual Jack-the-Rippers—rippers of spiritual things as well as of material; and as to poisoners, they positively abound, despatching their destructive drugs in books, newspapers, pamphlets, plays, and, in short, wherever words are written or uttered. The moral, or sociological, objection to bestowing Freedom upon the unworthy is not the only objection. Far from it. And in this connection Freedom is having most disastrous results.

The Book is Following the Film Standards

I am not alone in believing that the cinema on the American model, as it exists today, is a disaster for white civilisation. It is a disaster for taste and for intelligence. In a less spectacular way, the book world is following suit. With the recent mass-organisation of publishing, we are heading for a situation which will be identical with that with which we are familiar in the cinema. A book will come to mean the same thing as a film—its presence in the bookshop windows will be a guarantee of its conformity with the same standards as confer fame and fortune upon the Star Babies and Tough Guys of Hollywood.

To suppose that this degradation of taste, this withering up of intelligence, is only a disaster to Art is a mistake. But that it is not specifically a moral catastrophe makes it far more difficult to arrest. That these conditions are the result of universal suffrage and universal education, as we have practised them in Anglosaxony, is undeniable. An earlier speaker in this series, himself a great publisher, in a most interesting address, declared that ‘It will take another thousand years before we really know how to use it properly’. Well, that is a very jolly prospect for all those generations to come—especially for such people as may possess an intelligence a little ‘above the average’! That may be a tactless phraseology on my part; for will not everybody, a thousand years hence, be a little ‘above the average’? But it was *in the meanwhile* that I was thinking about. And after a thousand years of highly-organised vulgarity, will everyone, even down to the most humble pedlar, really have learnt ‘how to use’ his Freedom properly? Or should we not perhaps weigh in at once, and discipline this darling of the social democratic politician—even if it should mean curtailing a little of his more meaningless Freedom? But if that is to be done, who, any longer, is there to do it—of recognised authority? Not his present political masters—for they are cut out of the same happy-go-lucky, Jack’s-as-good-as-his-master mould as himself.

What Do Our Statesmen Read?

With the vanishing of the great landed society in England, we have no bulwark of inherited taste and intelligence to stand against this tide; for we are putting nothing in the place of that small privileged public of comparable weight. The *livres de chevet* of the average Cabinet Minister (my early investigations revealed) are such authors as Edgar Wallace and Phillips Oppenheim. This is a very disturbing thought. And the other day I heard, even, to my great disappointment, that one of Adolf Hitler’s favourite authors is Mr. G. D. H. Cole (I mean Mr. Cole in his criminal and mysterious capacity). But that perhaps is only another malicious rumour. From top to bottom, however, this mass-produced democratic system is now

of one piece. And its Freedom is not the Freedom that made England the foremost nation in the world. That Freedom has suffered a change: that it is no longer even the Freedom that we are talking about is certain. We have as a witness to that no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice, who has earned the respect and admiration of every Englishman by his fearless exposure of the encroachments upon English liberties already effected by the bureaucratic machine. But upon all sides it is the same story.

But let me take my own field of activity, that of Letters and Journalism. Of course, no man is shot or imprisoned for his opinions—we have no Siberia, we have no concentration camps (and for that we are all most grateful); technically there is free speech for the writer. But is there in fact discrimination where certain opinions are concerned? Is the writer free in that robust, traditional English sense—as he was in the eighteenth century, even as he was in the nineteenth century? The answer, I fear, is in the negative.

Our Repressive Left-Wing Orthodoxy

What I am now going to say will, I expect, appear a startling paradox to most people. For the fact of the matter is that the unofficial censorship operates in the opposite direction to what the public would suppose. A repressive 'left-wing' orthodoxy has for long existed in Great Britain. Freedom to express any view except one of a 'left-wing' tendency has been, if not disallowed, so much discouraged as to make it not worth any bright boy's while to transgress. A *tendency* only, of course, is what is required of you—nothing out-and-out, which would alarm the public. You must be 'detached': you must be one of the Friends of Russia, not one of the Wild Red Men in person. You only have to reflect who have been our 'great men' since as long as most of us can remember to see that my paradox is no paradox at all. They have been to a man eminent left-wingers. Shaw, Wells and Bennett were until yesterday the three 'great' English names in contemporary English Letters, known from one end of the world to the other. They were the best that England could do—they were the three chief spokesmen chosen by England to represent the English *Weltanschauung*. And the post-War period has seen only a deepening of this tendency—those who are destined to step into the shoes of Shaw and company are all left-footed. Mr. Bernard Shaw, the writer we have exalted more than any other (wrongly, as it appears to me, and as I believe posterity will think), has announced, as we know, that the Soviet is his life's dream come true. So there we are!

Now it does not require a great deal of reflection to recog-

nise that, where at least 90 per cent. of those engaged in the art or craft of writing are drilled and educated in one direction, and since ultimately a writer depends upon this overwhelming majority for his reputation as an 'intellectual leader', one not sharing the beliefs of this left-wingism is severely handicapped, to say the least. This may be good, or it may be bad. But whichever way you look at it, it is not Freedom. It is a political Church or Communion, which has in its keeping all the benefices that take with them power and universal respect. No Party-state could be more autocratic.

I will not speak of the Freedom of the Press, except to say that a close examination of the facts would reveal no such gulf as is supposed to exist between the limitations imposed upon the Press in the 'new autocracies' and in ours. The right of free assembly, even, operates a little one-sidedly. And so you can go through all the slogans of Freedom and uncover the most unexpected discrepancies between theory and practice.

So Freedom is a fine thing; but we are losing it, it is rapidly slipping away. We are losing our Freedom because of our Freedom—because of the Freedom we have granted to all and sundry to organise great private monopolies and irresponsible orthodoxies within, and even in flagrant opposition to, the official State. And it is not to be wondered at that democratic Freedom in the long run should lead to its opposite. Seeing what human nature is, those who can no longer oppress in the name of privilege, oppress in the name of Freedom—for, as Mr. Morrison has said, that 'evokes a response in all our hearts and minds'. So there arrives a moment in the history of all democracies, probably, when they are compelled—for the moment, at all events, as Mr. Garvin suggests—to part company with Freedom. Should we, perhaps, as Mr. Garvin has hinted, cast about for a Leader (we would stoutly deny that he was a dictator or anything disreputable of that sort, of course), in order to give our Freedom into the keeping of some just man—so as to prevent its passing over irretrievably into the hands of a gun-mani oligarchy that would spurn even the name of justice? That was the German solution, and the Italian. Should it be ours? I am not prepared to say. But it is, I think, doubtful if that solution can be grafted into the present Party System, on the pattern of the typical compromise, or half-measure, of traditional British statesmanship:

Whatever steps may eventually be decided upon, under the pressure of events, we do seem at present to be compelled not only to find some other word, but also some other thing, than Freedom—while we still possess just sufficient Freedom to enable us to take that step.

Danubian Clues to European Peace

The Fall of the Habsburg Empire

By Professor R. W. SETON-WATSON

Dr. Seton-Watson is Masaryk Professor of Central European History in the University of London

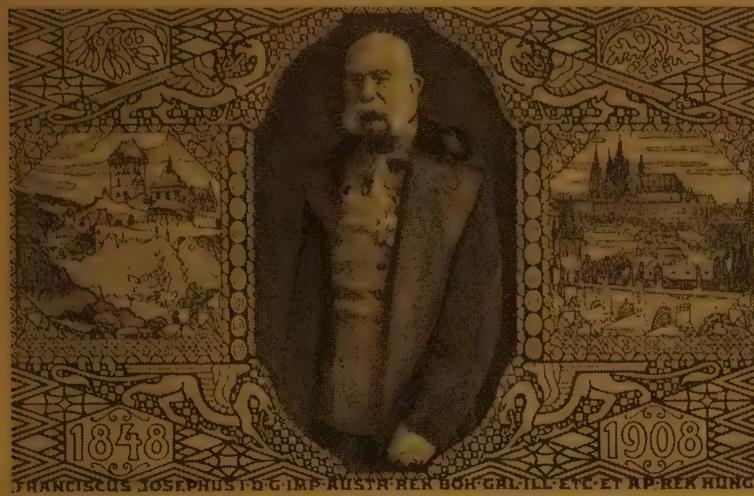
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, as we knew it before 1914, was essentially the creation of the Habsburg dynasty—by war, marriage and treaty. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries its main purpose had been common defence against the Turks, who then threatened to conquer all Europe. In the nineteenth century the influence of nationality in the modern sense, the growth of democracy and the immense economic changes among both the peasantry and the townsmen, all combined to transform the Austrian problem; and for the last fifty years before the War the task with which the Emperor Francis Joseph and his advisers were faced was how to achieve unity and concord among ten principal races and many smaller fragments, instead of leaving the two strongest, the German and the Magyars, to dominate the others—in fact, as a common phrase of pre-War days ran, how to create 'a monarchical Switzerland on the Danube'. That this was not achieved was due first to the complications of the so-called Dualist System, by which in 1867 Austria became two equal States with entirely separate Governments and Parliaments (though under the one Emperor-King) and the two then

disagreed so constantly that by 1914 the machine of State was not far from a breakdown. Other causes were the old Emperor's love of half-measures all through his sixty-eight years of reign, and last but not least the policy of Magyarisation pursued by Hungary towards her own non-Magyar subjects and the way in which this complicated the foreign relations of Austria-Hungary, especially with Russia, Serbia and Rumania.

The actual incident which provoked war was the murder in June, 1914, of the Heir Apparent, Francis Ferdinand, by some young Bosnian Serb revolutionary students at Serajevo, of which I am not to speak. But this was only the culmination of a long quarrel between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. The essence of the problem may be summed up in two sentences used by General Conrad, Chief of the Austrian Staff and leader of the War party, in 1912, in a secret memorandum to Francis Ferdinand. 'The union of the Southern Slavs is one of those nation-moving phenomena which cannot be denied or artificially prevented. The only question is whether it is to be achieved inside the Monarchy (that is, Austria-Hungary) at the expense of Serbian independence, or under the ægis of

Serbia at the expense of the Monarchy'. In other words, he held that either Austria-Hungary must swallow up Serbia, or Serbia would rob Austria-Hungary of her Southern Slav provinces. From the Austrian standpoint, therefore, the War was fought to prevent this second alternative: but in the end the Southern Slav question proved fatal to the Habsburg Monarchy.

When War broke out, crowds on the streets of Vienna sang



A symbol of the old Habsburg Empire: a card printed in Prague in celebration of the Emperor Francis Joseph's Diamond Jubilee

the ballad of Prince Eugene, 'the noble knight who took Belgrade' 200 years earlier. But the Austrian Parliament had broken down in the previous March and was not allowed to meet, for the simple reason that its non-German members—Czechs, Poles, Rumanians, Italians, and so on—and also its 80 Social Democrats could not be relied on to vote war. For two years and a half of war Austria was governed arbitrarily by decrees, and the real controlling force was the General Staff.

In Hungary the situation was quite different; there Parliament was sitting when the crisis came, and approved all the Government's war measures, and continued to work right through the War. This was because in that Parliament, unlike Austria, the Magyars held all but eight out of 413 seats and the Socialists had no seats at all; so the non-Magyar races of Hungary were to all intents and purposes unrepresented.

Now the War was intensely unpopular among all the races of Austria-Hungary excepting only the predominant Germans and Magyars. To the seven million Southern Slavs living inside Austria-Hungary it meant, a civil war, for on the Balkan front they had to fight against their own kinsmen, speaking the same language—the free Serbs who lived in Serbia and Montenegro. To the six million Czechs living in Bohemia, who were all brought up in the so-called 'Panslav' tradition of the blood-brotherhood of all the Slav races, to fight against Russia was little better than civil war. To the Poles things looked rather different, because Russia had oppressed them and Austria had given them self-government, and therefore they saw a better chance of Polish liberty by siding with Austria than with Russia. But to them, too, it was a grim prospect, for the Eastern war was to be fought out by three great armies upon Polish soil.

These acute conflicts of opinion among the various races had very grave consequences from the first. On the one hand wholesale repressive measures were adopted by the Austrian and Hungarian Governments—internments all through the Slav provinces, many executions in Galicia, concentration camps in Hungary, a system of hostages in Dalmatia, treason trials in Bosnia, then in 1915 the imprisonment of many Czech leaders and the suppression of Czech national institutions, such as the famous Sokol gymnastic societies. On the other hand, there were wholesale desertions on the Serbian, the Russian, and later on, the Italian front—at first in dribs, but whenever possible quite systematically. Perhaps the most notorious example was that of the 28th Regiment—known as 'The Children of Prague'—who left for the front to the strains of an improvised song, 'We are fighting the Russians, but no one knows why', and who soon after reaching the front went

over singing to the Russians, officers and men, under fire from the Austrian machine guns in their rear. It was the same among the Italian population of Austria (living in South Tyrol) and among the Rumanians of Transylvania.

The result was that large sections of the Austrian army could not be relied upon and the regiments had to be constantly re-grouped, one race being set to watch another. In the case of every race except the Germans and Magyars there was at least one front on which it could not be trusted to fight; and this undermined the joint army as a fighting machine. Time after time Austria-Hungary was only saved from disaster by her ally Germany. The Emperor Francis Joseph, before he died in the winter of 1916, found it necessary to accept unity of Command, and this meant that the Austro-Hungarian army was henceforth controlled absolutely from Berlin.

In the first two years of the War all active opposition from within was sternly repressed or driven underground; but certain leaders of the lesser nationalities contrived to escape abroad and organise national committees in allied or neutral countries. The first to form was the Yugoslav Committee here in London—led by two very able Dalmatian Croats, Trumbić and Supilo, and the famous sculptor Mestrovic; their open aim was to unite all the Yugoslav provinces of Austria-Hungary with the kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro in a single independent Yugoslav State.

Still more remarkable was the Czechoslovak National Council which was formed in Paris in 1915, and which aimed at the separation of Bohemia from Austria and of Slovakia from Hungary and their union in an independent Czechoslovak State—a much more difficult affair than that of Yugoslavia, if you consider the Czechs' geographical position in the very centre of the Continent, surrounded on three sides by German provinces. Their leader, Thomas Masaryk, was beyond all question one of the most original minds whom the war brought into power: the son of a Slovak coachman on one of the Imperial estates, he made his way by sheer force of character, and as professor of philosophy



'Little Eagle': an armoured train used by the Czech volunteers in their Siberian journey

Czechoslovakian Legation

at Prague University, editor of a daily and weekly paper and deputy in the Austrian Parliament, he had for thirty years exercised a unique influence on the pick of the younger intellectuals in more than one Slav country. His political doctrine was 'realism', and so he had accepted Austria and did not work against her; and when war came, he at first played a waiting game, realising clearly that Bohemia's fate depended on greater issues, and that independence was only feasible if the struggle were a long and decisive one. But already in October, 1914,

when I met him secretly in Holland, I found him evolving a complete plan of action, 80 per cent. of which was eventually realised. From 1915 onwards he and two young savants, Benes, a lecturer in political economy, and Stefanik, an astronomer who had joined the French air service and performed prodigies of valour till he was disabled, created the Czechoslovak National Council in Paris, and applied their realist principles to allied policy. They took care to be always at the right spot at the psychological moment and finally won the Allies to their cause by the most telling of all arguments, by organising Czechoslovak legions out of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners on the Russian front, to fight as volunteers on the Allied side. Their

We believe in democracy, — we believe in liberty, —
and liberty ever more. — *PROCLAMATION OF INDEPENDENCE*
Given in Paris, on the eighteenth of October, 1918.

Professor Thomas G. Masaryk,
Prime Minister and Minister of Finance.

General Dr. Milan R. Stefanik,
Minister of National Defence. Dr. Edward Benes,
Minister of Foreign Affairs and
of Interior.

F. G. Maranh.

Part of the 'Declaration of Independence' issued by the first ('interim') Czechoslovak Government

Odyssey across Siberia is one of the great romances of the war: cut off from the West by the Bolshevik Revolution and unable to carry out their plan of reaching the Western front by way of Archangel, the Czechoslovaks seized their own supplies and munitions and even trains, and withdrew slowly eastward to Vladivostock, and back to Europe by sea—only reaching home after the armistice. Masaryk himself hastened on to the United States and reached Washington at the psychological moment to influence President Wilson in framing a policy for a new Europe.

Early in 1917 the War had entered a new phase, owing to the Russian Revolution and the entry of the United States. Both events greatly increased the war-weariness of Austria-Hungary and frightened the young Emperor Charles, who had succeeded his great-uncle Francis Joseph in November, 1916. Charles genuinely desired peace, both for its own sake and because his throne was in danger, and his secret overtures to the Entente (behind his German ally's back) were due to the warnings of his Foreign Minister that neither from the military nor from the economic point of view could Austria hold out beyond the summer of 1917.

In foreign policy Charles sought a separate peace which was really doubly impossible—because of Germany's stranglehold and because of the commitments of the Allied powers to Italy; and meanwhile in home policy he hoped to appease the masses and win a democratic reputation by at last summoning the Austrian Parliament. This step came too late; for the German parties obstructed all concessions, while the Czechs, Yugoslavs and other non-German deputies simply used Parliament as a platform from which to address the masses. There was by this time contact between leaders at home and abroad, and in the case of each nationality there was a maximum programme of independence, to be achieved if the Allies won, and a minimum programme of national autonomy or provincial self-government to be pressed for in the event of a victory by the Central Powers or a draw. Needless to say, events in Russia—the cry for self-determination, the breaking loose of the Poles and of the Baltic and Caucasian peoples, and the temporary independence of the Ukraine—greatly increased the unrest among the peoples of Austria-Hungary, and from the autumn of 1917 onwards there was acute shortage, amounting even to famine in the poorer mountain districts. In the south desertion began, and what were known as 'Green Cadres' lived a life reminiscent of the half-brigand peasant national heroes of the old Turkish days. In February 1918 there was a

very formidable mutiny at the Austrian naval base of Cattaro in the Adriatic Sea, organised by Croatian revolutionaries, and the whole Dalmatian coast might easily have fallen into the hands of the Allies. But the Allies did not as yet understand the true inwardness of events inside the Habsburg Monarchy; they still clung to the idea of making a separate peace with Austria and patching her up on a federal basis. So the emissary of the rebels, who flew across the Adriatic for help, was interned in Italy, Cattaro was isolated and the rising was suppressed.

Throughout 1918, then, Austria-Hungary was on the verge of collapse, and nationalist propaganda among all the non-German and non-Magyar races assumed growing importance. In April a 'Congress of the Oppressed Nationalities of Austria-Hungary' met in Rome under the auspices of the Italian Government, and declared for the dissolution of Austria-Hungary into a series of national states. This was a clarion call to their kinsmen across the frontier and was answered by them in a series of congresses inside Austria. Here demands were put forward really amounting to independence, but covered up by a tactical profession of lip-loyalty to the House of Habsburg. Meanwhile there was intensive propaganda along the Italian front, organised by Lord Northcliffe's Enemy Propaganda Department at Crewe House. The result was that whole regiments on the Austrian side had to be transferred to other fronts for fear of desertion to the Allies, and the final Austrian offensive in June was a failure.

During the summer the Allies, step by step, adopted as their own the policy of the Rome Congress, and recognised the various National Councils abroad as provisional Governments, and their legionaries as belligerent armies. At last in October, 1918, when Bulgaria and Turkey collapsed, the Emperor Charles found it necessary to sue for peace and turned by preference to Washington. But President Wilson and Mr. Lansing answered by insisting on the recognition of Polish, Czechoslovak and Yugoslav claims. This had a magical effect at home; the various races of Austria-Hungary saw their maximum programme of



The Czech leader, Masaryk, enlisting American support at a meeting at Philadelphia, 1918

Illustrations by courtesy of the School of Slavonic and East European Studies

national independence within their grasp and would not look at Charles's twelfth-hour proposal of federalism.

The central authorities suddenly lost all control, the troops from the broken Balkan front poured home in disorder, the front against Italy also began to crumble. In the second half of October National Councils were formed in almost every district and town of the old Dual Monarchy, and for each race central directive Committees which were really Provisional Governments. Men and officers tore off the old badges from their uniforms and trampled them underfoot, the old Austrian and Hungarian flags and inscriptions were swiftly replaced by National tricolours, the Allied troops were welcomed as deliverers, and the ideas of President Wilson, especially, were acclaimed on all sides. And no wonder, for his diplomatic

Notes really dealt the death blow to the Habsburg Monarchy.

It is quite impossible in a talk like this to describe the complicated and break-neck events of late October and early November, 1918. The essential fact to bear in mind is this—that some days before an armistice could be signed, Austria-Hungary had already ceased to exist. It had become a whole series of national units, some independent, some claiming common nationality with their kinsmen across the former frontiers. The Poles of Galicia had joined the new Polish state, a Czechoslovak Republic was proclaimed in Prague, the Yugoslav National Council declared the independence of the Yugoslav provinces of Austria-Hungary; then a German Austrian Republic and a Hungarian Republic were formed, a Ukrainian Republic was proclaimed in Eastern Galicia, and long before the Paris Conference met, the Yugoslavs had offered their crown to Prince Regent Alexander of Serbia and the Rumanians of Hungary had proclaimed their union with the Kingdom of Rumania.

In other words, it is a complete misconception to regard the break-up of Austria-Hungary as the work of conquerors from without, except in the sense that, like the Russian Revolution, it might not have come but for the stress of war. It was really a vast popular upheaval from within, a political and social revolution which overthrew the Habsburg dynasty, destroyed the influence of the aristocracy, wiped out the old army, and brought new classes and submerged nations to power. Instead of saying, 'the Allies broke up Austria', it should be said, 'Austria broke down'.

Let me in conclusion indicate very briefly some of the main problems to which Austria-Hungary's disappearance gave rise: other speakers will deal with them in fuller detail.

The Habsburg Monarchy fell into seven pieces. On the south-west certain territories were assigned to Italy, on the north-east Galicia fell to Poland. It is with the balance that we are concerned in these talks—the two defeated and partitioned states, Austria and Hungary, the three victors, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, who since 1921 have been united in a close alliance as the Little Entente.

The Allies were so absorbed in the major settlement with Germany that the new Danubian order was not fully ratified till the Treaty of St. Germain with Austria (September 19, 1919) and the Treaty of Trianon with Hungary (June 4, 1920); and the prolonged uncertainty kept all these countries in a ferment. In the main the frontiers fixed by the two Treaties were those set up by the peoples themselves in the revolution of which I have just spoken.

Only here and there did the Allies insist on modifications. A veto was placed upon the union of Austria with Germany, and so there developed the problem of Austrian independence which will be the special theme of a later talk. Rumania was made to restore to Hungary the more westerly districts which the Allies had promised her by the secret treaty of August, 1916. A plebiscite was ordered in the disputed territory between Czechoslovakia and Poland and another between Austria and Yugoslavia. The reasons why there were not plebiscites in all the districts that were to change hands were first that the technical apparatus and the military force necessary for such a vast affair were not available, but secondly that popular feeling was held to have found very adequate, if revolutionary, expression through the many National Councils of which I have already spoken. It must, however, be freely admitted that wherever there was a doubt, the scales were



Signing the Treaty of St. Germain (1919), which fixed the frontiers of post-War Austria

weighted in favour of the victorious against the defeated nations, and that at St. Germain and Trianon, the same error was committed as at Versailles; no discussion by the vanquished was allowed.

The real difficulty was that 'a clean cut' on racial lines is an absolute impossibility. No matter how the frontiers may be drawn, important minorities are bound to remain on the wrong side of every one of them, and especially of the frontiers between Hungary and her

four neighbours. Both Austria and Hungary lost about two-thirds of their territory and many valuable industries and economic resources; and while Austria lost 3½ million Germans to Czechoslovakia, Hungary lost between two and three millions to Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Austria. Austria from the first accepted the new frontiers as an accomplished fact, but Hungarian opinion reacted very keenly and has never ceased to denounce what it regards as an act of injustice.

It is quite true that by rectification here and there the number of these minorities could be reduced, but not, in my opinion, in such a way as to solve the question. This is the bedrock on which all proposals for 'revision' of the Treaty of Trianon have hitherto founded; but to demonstrate it fully would require an apparatus of maps and statistics quite unsuited to this general talk. Moreover, though racial considerations came first, economics and railway communications also played a very important part, as a study of the details would at once show. And I must add that the allegation put about in some quarters, that the experts responsible for drafting the treaties at Paris were entirely ignorant, is a myth. The statesmen themselves could not be expected to know every detail. But in reality there never was a treaty on which so much expert knowledge was expended by many men of the highest qualifications, especially British and American. Having myself frequented the wings of the Paris Conference for about four months, and made it my business to find out what was being planned, I can testify strongly to this effect.

If no racial clean cut can be achieved, it follows that other means must be found to guarantee the rights of the nationalities under alien rule; and this is why the Peace Conference insisted upon most of the new States signing minority treaties, in return for their own recognition by Europe. It is quite true that in many cases these minority rights have remained unfulfilled or even been withdrawn, and that the machinery for their enforcement by the League has so far been ineffective. But none the less these minority rights remain one of the foundations of the new order, whose enforcement must be made a reality if there is to be an assured peace in Europe. This very vital question will be dealt with fully by Mr. Macartney in a fortnight's time.

Seventeen Faces

If you knew how far he has been from here
(This is only a break in a journey not done yet)
Your seventeen faces would be wiser, dullards,
And in your eyes like marbles a seed of fire be set,
Fire for the traveller lost so long in the snow,
A tent of peace and soothing curtained kindness,
But like the dim shadows of snowflakes on a window at twilight
His words would be to your minds' eyes, sealed with clay.
He neither pities nor blames you for your blindness
But standing silent besides you finds he is ever so far away.

WILLIAM PLOMER

The Listener's Music

The London Music Festival

MUSICIANS generally will congratulate themselves on the prominent part first-class music is to play in London's Jubilee festivities. Not many years ago such an event would have called forth little of musical interest outside the opera—an unsatisfactory representation of the art, for to many people attendance at Covent Garden is still a social observance rather than an artistic experience. This spring, thanks to the B.B.C., there are to be eight concerts of outstanding interest under the title of *The London Music Festival*.

At first sight the term 'Music Festival' seems to be a misnomer when applied to a series of Symphony Concerts spread over a month. Yet a little thought will show that the customary music festival is a highly concentrated and indigestible affair of a week merely because of circumstances and difficulties that no longer exist. The hustled music-making into which some provincial festivals have developed really belongs to the days when transport was slow and costly. The internal combustion engine has effected many changes in our national habits, and it may yet lead to an entirely new type of festival in which half-a-dozen concerts are distributed over three weeks.

An unusual new feature in the London Music Festival is the repetition of some of the more important works. Thus, Siegfried's Death and Funeral March and Brahms' Fourth Symphony are to be played on June 3 and 5; and Beethoven's No. 7 and Debussy's 'La Mer' on June 12 and 14. There will probably be objections to this departure from custom; but even more probably the majority of listeners will welcome the opportunity of the double hearing, seeing that the conductor is Toscanini. Many of us still have vivid memories of the 'Eroica' under this conductor a few years ago: didn't we feel at the time that a repetition a few days later would be welcome? Moreover, it must not be forgotten that multitudes of listeners may not be able to hear more than one of the two performances.

The title 'Festival' is justified by the programmes, which comprise, in addition to the works named, such unquestioned masterpieces as the B minor Mass (May 10), the 'Eroica' and Sibelius' No. 2 (May 17), 'Le Sacre du Printemps' and Tchaikovsky's 'Pathétique' (May 27), the Enigma Variations (June 3) and Mozart's 'Haffner' Symphony in D and the Nocturne and Scherzo from 'Midsummer Night's Dream' (June 14). If it be objected that there is nothing experimental in the programme, the answer is that a festival designed to form part of national rejoicings is an occasion not for novelties but for superlative performances of choice things from the repertory. A further touch of distinction is added by the engagement of two of the world's most famous conductors, Koussevitzky (three concerts) and Toscanini (four), Dr. Boult conducting the Mass in B minor.

The programme for May 22 perhaps raises doubts. The chief work is Liszt's Faust Symphony, concerning whose merits musicians are divided. One feels that this would have been the occasion for one of the Elgar symphonies. The other items in this programme are Vaughan Williams' fine Fantasia on a Theme of Tallis and Holst's too-little-known Fugal Concerto. The last-named is an example of neo-classicism that is far more grateful to the ear than are most of the Continental works of the type. It is for flute, oboe and strings; and the brevity, tunefulness and good spirits that made it successful at a Promenade Concert in 1923 ought to have kept it in the repertory. Perhaps this revival will lead to its being given its deserts.

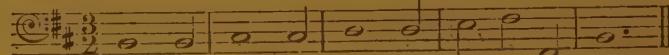
Of the other less familiar works, Debussy's 'La Mer' calls for a few words. It consists of three movements on symphonic lines which were originally entitled 'Mer Belle aux Iles Sanguinaires', 'Jeux de Vagues' and 'Le Vent fait danser la Mer'. The first and last titles were afterwards changed to 'De l'Aube à Midi sur la Mer', and 'Dialogue du Vent et de la Mer'. 'La Mer' is now generally reckoned to be among the composer's best works, but it had a poor reception in France, most of the critics complaining that there was too little of the sea: they expected conventional 'sea music' and it was not forthcoming. Moreover, the work marked in several ways a change in the composer's style. At some of the earlier performances the applause was mingled with hissing. On one occasion the commotion lasted for ten minutes, and during the next item—Bach's Chaconne played by Thibaud—it broke out again and stopped the proceedings. A few days later 'La Mer' had its first London performance with triumphant success. The comparative rarity of its performances in this country nowadays is perhaps to be explained by the obstinate popularity of 'L'Après-midi d'un Faune'. In most departments of creative work the achievement of an outstanding success is usually an

aid to the rest of the artist's output, but it is not always so with music. The general public is too often disposed to think of a composer almost exclusively in connection with one popular work, the success of which is thus bought at the cost of other and sometimes superior examples.

'Le Sacre du Printemps' has long since passed the hissing stage, but its performances, either as ballet or in concert form, are so rare as to ensure an excited atmosphere on May 27, when it will be heard side by side with the Pathétique Symphony and Glinka's Overture to 'Russlan and Ludmilla'. At the time of its production its admirers would probably have had no ear for the Tchaikovsky Symphony; but Romanticism is well on its way back today, and the appearance in the same programme of such apotheoses of luxurious lamentations and the primitive is not so surprising as it appears to be at first sight.

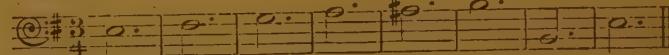
At present the least popular of the Brahms' symphonies is probably the E Minor. Yet many musicians would agree that it is the finest, and certainly the most profound and personal of the four. At first it repelled even Brahms' friends, but it has made its way steadily, and its frequent appearance in programmes during the past few years is significant. Perhaps a stumbling-block to many has been the Finale, which departs from the conventional 'happy ending' of the older classics by being cast in one of the severest of forms, that of a set of variations on a 'ground'. Even so, this would have been less of a drawback had its thirty-four variations been easily followed, as most ground-bass treatments are. Perhaps a few words on the movement may help some listeners. First, there is an interesting connection with Bach. Brahms took the theme from the final chorus of one of Bach's earliest church cantatas. The movement is a chaconne, on this ground bass:

Ex. 1



Bach's treatment is immature and unequal, though it contains many striking points. Brahms greatly admired it, however, and once played it to Hans von Bülow, who expressed the view that the climax at which Bach aimed could not be fully realised by voices. 'The same thing has struck me too', replied Brahms. 'What would you say to a symphonic movement written on this theme one day? But at present it is too lumpish and straightforward. It would have to be chromatically altered somehow.' Later he carried out the idea, changing the theme to:

Ex. 2



which is rather more Brahms than Bach.

This was the genesis of one of the greatest of all symphonic movements. The listener's difficulty in regard to it is due chiefly to the fact that the variations are so merged into one another that the theme is frequently lost. It is, in fact, possible to hear the movement many times without realising that it is a passacaglia. Richard Specht, in his book on Brahms, says:

'These variations, that do not plainly show their divisions, are spanned into so gigantic a single, towering arch that the exalted critics, unable to recognise in it the rondo form, a free sonata form, or any of the formal schemes usual in a Finale, racked their brains over the problem with which a crafty master confronted them. And Brahms was malicious enough to refrain from giving the least hint to the omniscient tribe, and to take a fiendish pleasure in their vain endeavours to crack this hard nut. Perhaps he was right in thinking that he had written the solution plainly enough upon the portal by letting all the wind instruments emphatically intone the theme taken from the Ciaccona in Bach's cantata, thus setting it in huge brazen tones in front of the movement.'

Listeners who on June 3 and 5 will give their minds to this finale, regarding it simply as a continuous and complex treatment of Example 2, will see in it no longer a harsh riddle, but one of the greatest examples of architecture in music; and when they know it well they will forget the somewhat cold implication of the term 'architecture'. Specht says flamboyantly, but truly, that 'it is a feast for the ear, this welding into one whole, this function of one member with another; and the golden pails which the rising and descending heavenly powers hand to each other are brimful of the gods' invigorating draughts that make human life in truth worth living. We are in the presence of the mystery of a master's creative processes'.

HARVEY GRACE



Bargain hunters in the Caledonian Market

Harold Burdett

In Praise of the Old Caledonian Market

By C. M. FRANZERO

NOT many nights ago, sitting after dinner with a few friends to enjoy our conversation (how very old fashioned!), each of us confessed his weakness. Before proceeding further, I will immediately refute any implication of highbrowism; but our worldly shortcomings might well be suggested as an index to those who are addicted to the compilation of statistics. For instance, none of us was fond of the game of bridge: several confessed to be quite ignorant of the game or to be terribly bored by it. One of us confessed a complete lack of interest in racing, he knew of no 'Derby Day' other than Frith's, and had positively never seen a football match. Now, can you guess what our general weakness was? Collecting something. Being all craftsmen of the pen or of the brush, which involves a certain disdain for holding balances at the bank (the artist who is rich is an artist no longer), we told each other, and somewhat emotionally, of the joy we derive from our collections, or rather collecting; and not as 'collectors' do, paying by cheques and attending sales by proxy, but collecting by rambling, whenever the work or the purse allow it, among the *brocanteurs*.

Nobody, therefore, expressed surprise when I confessed to be an *habitue* of the Caledonian Market. Weather permitting, you would find me at the old Caledonian Market every—who says Friday? You are wrong: every Tuesday, for reasons stated below. But, first of all, let me extol the celebrity of the Caledonian Market. There is no other landmark in London more celebrated abroad than the Caledonian Market. Believe it or not, I can assure you that in many smart Continental drawing-rooms the name of the Caledonian Market stands on the same level with that of Bond Street or of Claridge's Hotel; and I know of more than one foreign Royalty who never fail, whenever in London, to visit the Caledonian Market: as a matter of fact, one cultured scion of a Royal House comes to London twice a year for two purposes—to buy rare editions on the history of his native town, which he can find only at the bookshops in the Charing Cross Road, and 'to match antiques' at the Caledonian Market. For you can match anything at the

Caledonian Market, from the cup you bought at Richmond two years ago to the missing volume of a Fribourg edition! How? Why? Does one attempt to answer a dogma?

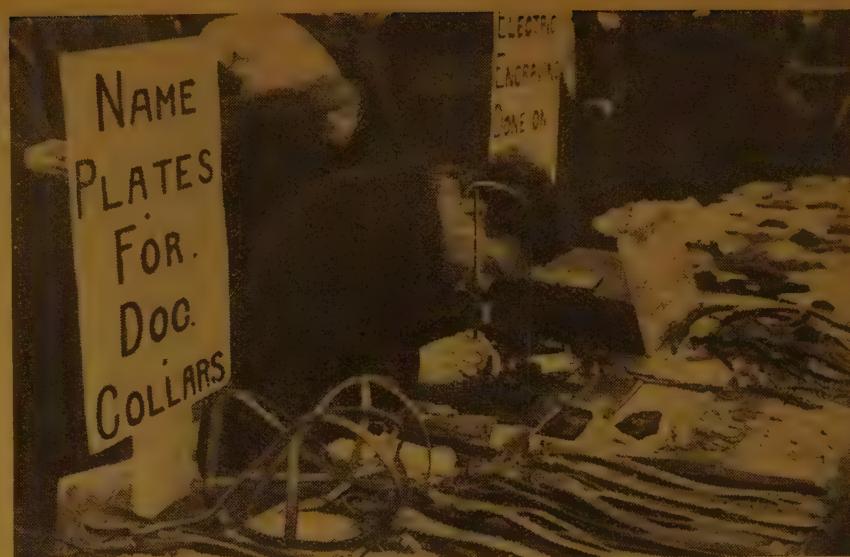
The grand show is held twice a week on the hill-top of the Caledonian Road—in the shadows of the Pentonville and Holloway prisons—every Tuesday and Friday. The best show is supposed to be on the Friday: but the man-who-knows will tell you that Tuesday is the better day. Less crowd, no tourists, more scope for the man who goes to the market in good earnest; and don't the dealers know when one is a buyer or is only just 'doing' the sight of the Caledonian Market!

Now, if you have any particular fancy in your mind, and more money than time to spend, you may go direct to your particular section. For the stalls at the Caledonian Market are laid out more discriminately than the shops in Old Bond Street or the Burlington Arcade. A bargain hunter's guide could be outlined in this way: starting from the Market Road (which, theoretically, is the bottom end of the market, as the rows commence in alphabetical order at the other end) one may divide the market into two main sections: on your right lies the rag-and-bone part, on the left side there stand the 'fine art dealers'. Leaving, then, for the moment the cheaper section apart, the visitor will, proceeding upwards, find the dealers in silver (old and antique, according to price, luck and knowledge), in porcelain—English and Continental—in prints and miniatures, trinkets and jewellery, Oriental porcelain, carpets and bits of furniture; until these broad classifications become intermingled, merge in the fantastic medley that fills the first three or four rows of the market from side to side, and appear usually more crowded and noisy than an Eastern Bazaar. (Whole families, father with bag, mother with pram, junior with dog, both losing parents and themselves every two minutes.)

And now let me say that both in size and abundance of goods the Caledonian Market surpasses all the similar markets of other great cities: Campo di Fiori's in Rome, which is held every Wednesday in the square of that name near the old

Palazzo della Cancelleria, or the Sunday's Flea Market in Paris, beyond the Porte de Clignancourt. Caledonian Market is a real Cornucopia of 'antiques', a Horn of Plenty from which pours incessantly the infinite variety of things old and strange, which are the delight of the markets' hunter. What a galaxy, what a kaleidoscopic array of wares! One may really call the Caledonian Market the Collector's Paradise, for here at one single sight he has under his eyes more than one hundred curio-shops in which to revel.

To pass from the select section to the cheaper side of the market is somewhat disturbing. It is of no use to talk glibly of equality in life. Caledonian Market, the melting-pot of all the thrown-out of mankind, points out bluntly that there is an inflexible social distinction even in the world of rubbish, and the person who 'deals' in curios and antiques does not wish at all to be mistaken for the 'man who stands at the market', although between the two castes there is only the social barrier of a lane dividing longitudinally



A busy engraver completing orders 'while you wait'

Capt. O. Frost

but simply a useless and discarded thing? There is a man considering some mysterious parts of a wireless-set; a *materfamilias* pondering over a 'pram' which boasts only three wheels; perhaps it will never be possible to find, conveniently, a fourth wheel—but such is the attraction of a bargain upon the human mind! And lo! where did that fellow pick up that fine pair of wrought iron fire-dogs of Georgian design and workmanship? All very queer, sometimes very rummy. But the rule at the Market is to look, to buy or to pass on, and ask no question. Besides, it is all so honest, so perfectly open! Under the very sun in the summer months, or the grey damp sky in the winter. There is nothing to hide. Caledonian Market is not a likely ground for Sherlock Holmes. It is, perhaps more appropriately, the hunting ground of the dud, even when he thinks that he is very clever.

For, let me say this straight from the shoulder: it is not all gold that glitters at the Caledonian Market. The goods are there for everybody to see: it is for you to decide whether they are good or bad. Exactly the same as in the smart antique-shops: the American lady (from June to September, who favours the Fridays) stops at a stall (select section only), picks up a pair of 'Bristol glass vases' straight from Czechoslovakia and asks: 'Are they antique?' 'Well, madam, it is for you to say; I bought them at a sale'. Or a pair of 'Chelsea birds' (mass production from Vienna which can be bought wholesale some-



Musical interlude: a prospective purchaser plays a few notes from memory
Harold Burdekin

the sections. But the man-who-knows—the man who prefers the Tuesdays—will not forsake the cheaper section. Indeed, he will walk the rows one by one, from one end to the other; and although luck may not always reward him, he will find ample scope for musing and wondering. Where does all this 'stuff' come from? And, what is even more perplexing, who does ever want to buy that stuff? For the cheaper section offers you not only a chance—more often a 'broken chance'—for curios and antiques, but the most astonishing conglomeration of wares. Old carpets and rugs, pots and pans with holes in them, statuettes with their heads knocked off, unqualifiable parts of wireless-sets, paintings and water-colours by the score, family photographs of the enlargement type, an odd lamp for a motor-car, a bath, a sink, a toppling wardrobe, a soap-dish without a lid, or the lid without the dish. It shows you the anatomy of things; it is like an undreamt-of introspection into the physical composition of the domestic life which surrounds us every day. Who will ever want to buy that broken wash-basin which is neither antique nor beautiful,



There is no lack of variety in the 'Collectors' Paradise'

Capt. O. Frost



Persian or Axminster? A carpet-seller arranges her wares
Capt. O. Frost

where in the City), and she asks: 'Are they Derby or Dresden?' What can she expect but the reply: 'Look at the mark, madam, look at the mark; and perfect at that!'

For the *habitué* or the regular buyer the dealings are no different than when he is visiting a shop where he is well-known. He may linger at leisure over the stall, and the dealer will not bother him, for he knows what he is looking for and the dealer knows what his customer wants. If he finds a good piece, he will hold it up to the dealer. The price is spoken softly, and often it is quite a different one from the figure mentioned to the American lady: he will nod, or put the piece down again if the price seems too high. Very rarely the real buyer will bargain; and if he does so, his offer is usually accepted, for it is a fair one; or the man will simply tell him: 'Paid that myself'. Why this difference of treatment? Well, it is based on psychology. The American lady knows no more about antiques than about the history of the European countries she is 'doing', and even more she wants to feel that she is getting 'a bargain'. She has been told wonders of the Caledonian Market; she knows that she must 'beat them down'. And the dealer knows that she will not feel happy unless she gets her trinkets at her own price.

What a lark, a fine day at the Caledonian Market! Look at the extraordinary number of cars in the 'park' outside! They are, indeed, the epitome of the Caledonian Market. The market opens about 11 o'clock. You will be wise to visit it soon after 11.30. You will see then that the cheaper section is most diligently visited by the holders of the better stalls: one hour later you will find some of the stuff already washed, polished, put on a suitable stand; it has become 'a fine piece of the best period'. And often it is. Between 11 and 1 in the afternoon there also comes the West End dealer or his agent. How many beautiful things that you will pay dearly for in the West End shops come from the market! And, reciprocally, how many shopkeepers stand regularly at the market, and get a better price than at their shops! The psychological argument, again. Then comes the crowd, the hunter after a cheap piece of ware for his poor home, the occasional visitor, the tourist, the lady of fashion who shows her guests the great marvel.

All carry a hope within their heart, warmed by an illusion. A couple of hours later the visitor will depart, with a parcel tucked under his arm and a smile of satisfaction over his face. He, or she, has found the bargain—and to buy our happiness as cheap as possible is but the aim of our existence, at the Caledonian Market as in every path of life.

The Forty-Hour Week

ON THE MONDAY before Easter there were about ten million, three hundred and twenty thousand insured persons in work—the biggest number since 1921, when such figures were first available. That is a cheerful fact, and one we ought not to overlook. But on the other hand, despite a large reduction in the past three months, the number of those still unemployed makes a sad picture, and one that we cannot afford to ignore.

In the long run, of course, the possibility of finding work for these people depends on the state of our trade. That in turn depends, to a large extent, on such great world questions as the confidence of nations, the stability of currencies and the recovery of international trade. But there still remains the possibility of our industries being able, even at their present level of production, to absorb some of the unemployed. That is why the question of a further general shortening of working hours is very naturally receiving much public attention.

Now we can't afford to reject without full examination any proposal which might add to employment in industry, but neither can we, with our complex industrial system, afford to accept, without equally full examination, any proposal which, by weakening our competitive power or dislocating our productive system, might add to unemployment in any industry. So this question demands not only goodwill and vague aspiration, but also clear thinking and a knowledge of the facts.

There is, probably, little difference of opinion as to the way in which the world should move and in fact is moving. The greater ease with which the scientist and the inventor enable things to be produced inevitably leads to the greater leisure of those who produce them. That is not only a hope for the future, it is also the lesson of the past. So, while working-hours before the War were usually about fifty-four per week, they have since been reduced to forty-eight and less, without any reduction in wages.

But in considering whether it is possible still further to reduce hours at the present time, there are certain points to which we must pay attention. On the one hand, the average worker would not like to have to work shorter hours if the wages upon which his standard of life mainly depends had also to be reduced.

On the other hand, our exporting industries, faced with world competition, can't increase their costs without risking the loss of business already dependent on narrow margins, while, even in home industries, increased costs would make the position of those in other industries more difficult. Nor can we overlook the fact that, when labour costs increase, there is a greater incentive to replace human labour by machinery wherever possible.

Now these are practical points which have to be met. In meeting them I take the view that the best people to advise me how and where action can be taken without doing more harm than good are those who are actually engaged in the various industries, whether as employer or employed. So I am now engaged in meeting organisations of employers in the various industries, and I hope also to meet the organisations of workpeople, in order to get the facts and to have their co-operation in examining the possibilities.

There is no room here for sweeping conclusions. Each industry has its own problems its own conditions, and therefore its own possibilities. Some cater for the export trade in face of fierce world competition, while some depend for their prosperity on a sheltered home market. Some are highly mechanised and are capable of being further mechanised, while in others, human effort and human skill still remain predominant. In some, the percentage of unemployed reaches tragic heights; in others there is a shortage of skilled workers. But in each and every one of them, it is our duty to ask this question: 'How far is it possible under existing circumstances to reduce the hours of work without reducing wages, and what would be the effect of such a policy on the unemployment problem both in the particular industry and in the country as a whole. That is a question on which everyone engaged in industry or commerce has something practical to say in respect of his own occupation, and it is just that sort of practical advice I am trying to get. In my effort, I am already assured of the goodwill and co-operation of everyone who wants to help the unemployed in the way they want to be helped—a job.'

RT. HON. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.

The New Christendom

Sharing the Gospel by the Printed Word

By the Rev. C. E. WILSON

Mr. Wilson is Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society

THE art of writing has become such a commonplace thing that most of us have lost the sense of wonder in being able to put down our thoughts on paper, so that others may come and pick them up and think them after us. There is an old story of a savage who watched a white man making marks upon a chip of wood before sending it to another white man that it might, as he said, tell the other white man what he wanted. And when it so happened that the second white man had read the message and acted on it, the savage came to the conclusion that there must be a very powerful witch in that 'talking chip'. There is something that deeply stirs me when I handle, as I sometimes do, one of the first copies of a book in a language never before reduced to a written form. I see in that little book one of the foundation-stones of a new structure of civilisation, the start of a new era in the life of the nation in whose language it is written.

In this series of talks we have been dealing with the different means by which the Christian faith is promoted in the world, such as Preaching, Medical Missions, Education and Social Service. I am going to be bold enough to claim that nothing has proved to be more important than the printing of books. A spoken word, however true and well said, even if it be multiplied and broadcast as are the words I am now speaking, may find no human echo, and leave no lasting memory behind it. But the written page, still more the page that is multiplied by print, remains to bear its witness to every successive reader. It is silent but very insistent. It enters where the speaker could not go or would not be welcome. It may remain long after its writer is gone and forgotten. Books have often proved themselves the mightiest instruments of Reform, even of Revolution. They are today the best missionary travellers and the most patient teachers in the world.

A single copy of Dr. William Carey's first edition of the New Testament in the Bengali language prepared the way for the acceptance of Christianity, not by an individual reader only, but by a group of people in East Bengal, before they had ever heard a Christian speak about his religion. Christianity as a living religion depends, you will agree, in a unique way upon the Bible: so the translation of the Bible must go on step by step with the planting of the Church among all the nations.

The most wonderful library in the world is at the London headquarters of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Nearly 20,000 volumes are there in 964 languages, ancient and modern, of which about 800 are languages actually spoken today. It is a library unique in this: that it is a library of *one book only*—the Bible, or portions of it. Every year some new versions are added, as missionaries in some part of the world make new translations. Fourteen such versions were added last year, bringing the total number in which the Bible Society has taken part to 692. In the twenty-five years of H.M. King George's reign, 268 new languages have been added. This is one of the most fascinating of the modern pioneer activities of the Christian Church. Great stories of missionary adventure among fierce savages in unexplored forests or among coral islands, are not more heroic than the record of the tracking down and capturing of barbarous languages. This pioneering is still going on.

It is only within the last sixty years or so that the vast interior of Africa has been explored and exploited by the white races. Nobody yet knows exactly how many different languages and dialects are spoken in that Continent. But within these sixty years hundreds of its languages have been acquired by missionaries and reduced to written form. Try to realise the prodigious difficulty of doing this. Imagine yourself living among people speaking an unwritten language and learning from them without any living interpreter not only the name of this thing, and that thing, and the word to describe this or that action, but the way to express abstract ideas. How would you set about it? How long would your patience last out? We British folk too readily excuse ourselves for our slowness in acquiring the languages of our European neighbours, in spite of all the helps we have for doing so. But the missionary pioneer,

for the love of God and man, spends laborious years in obscure and unhealthy places, making friends with frightened or suspicious people, refusing to be baffled by tremendous difficulties, even making fun of himself over his mistakes, compiling lists of words, sorting them out, and discovering and formulating the grammar, sometimes surprisingly elaborate for languages that have been passed down from one generation to another by word of mouth only. And he does this because at the end he sees his goal before him, that he may translate his message of the love of God to men and the everlasting mercy and hope that Jesus Christ our Lord has brought to all people. I have an honoured friend who, after a long and physically exhausting career as a pioneer missionary to a frontier tribe in India, is spending the rest of his days and strength in this country, finishing a much-needed and eagerly awaited dictionary of that tribal language, in which he was the first writer and of which he is still the most accomplished scholar.

The men and women who are engaged in this sort of work receive from us too little recognition and honour. For how vastly important it is that the best scholarship should be given to a task which is in the literal sense fundamental. And when a good beginning has been made and a language captured, it is only a beginning which must be followed up with much patient labour.

Most valuable aid is being given by the Literature Societies which have put their productions at the disposal of every religious denomination that has been able to use them. They will be best recognised by many people by their well-known initials as the R.T.S., the S.P.C.K., the C.L.S. of China, and the C.L.S. of India and Africa. These and kindred societies, like the Bible Societies, depend, of course, on the missionary linguist and scholar to produce the writings that are to be printed and published.

And a vast field remains to be occupied. There are still many languages spoken in India and other parts of Asia in which there is no literature at all—just as there remain scores of unreduced languages in Africa. But even in many of the areas in which the Christian Church has taken root and where there are large numbers of intelligent Christian people able to read, the entire library of books existing in the language is still pitifully small. I have seen a native evangelist teacher able to carry the whole of the literary possessions of his tribe in one hand. Many an intelligent schoolboy on a mission station has read everything that has ever been printed in his language. It is difficult for us English-speaking people, with all our books around us, even to imagine what such a state of intellectual famine means to a hungry mind. We think we can understand a little of the horror of having insufficient bread or rice, or millet, or some other staple food, in time of famine: but is not the starvation of the mind just as serious? What an opportunity lies there and what a responsibility for the Christian Church that has taught that mission schoolboy how to read and has whetted his appetite for knowledge of the great world of wonders that the white man's book reveals. What a responsibility, I repeat, lies upon us to give that boy and his native teacher and the pastor of his Church, and the chiefs of his tribe, something to build upon the costly foundation that has been laid in the Mission School!

It is an enormous advantage that for so many parts of the world, all the books that yet exist are Christian and clean. The Christians of Central Africa are known as the 'People of the Book'. They are 'The Readers'. That is very fine. But there is such a thing, we know, alas! as bad literature, and there are agencies interested in producing it. Hungry people may be tempted by poisoned food. The best protection for the health of young minds, as well as young bodies, is to provide them with wholesome food. It is almost a mockery to teach people to read and then leave them without something worth reading. Mission printing presses in many lands are busy producing all kinds of wholesome reading matter. They are supplying not only text-books for native schools, but also good stories, biographies of notable natives, healthy periodicals, as well as the

books used in worship and for the exposition of Christian doctrine and morals. There is a growing demand for books on the better care of health, the better cultivation of crops and the better building of dwellings, and the people are eager to buy books if they are reasonably cheap.

Some years ago I discovered that an educational missionary friend of mine, William Millman, had the material of a little book on how to live a healthy life, in one of the languages of the Upper Congo. This I knew was precisely what was wanted in other languages, not only in Congo but other parts of Africa. And it was a great satisfaction to me to get that book translated and published in English, French and Portuguese, so that it has been possible for those who knew these tongues but not the language in which the book was originally written, to reproduce it in many other African languages. Some books written by another friend of mine, Howard Charter, for Sinhalese students are now being read by Chinese and Indian and African students. It is the reversal of the curse of the Tower of Babel! Fifty years ago, the Christian Literature Society of China published in the Chinese language some of the books that most profoundly influenced the educated classes of China, and so prepared the way for the social and political awakening that has taken place in China since that time. Imitation, it is said, is the sincerest form of flattery; and the most sincere tribute to the success of those books produced by Dr. Timothy Richard and his colleagues was given by the pirated editions of some of them that were brought out and profitably sold by native presses in China and Japan.

The most remarkable book outside the Bible for translation and circulation in non-Christian lands is John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. The R.T.S. of England has promoted the publication of no fewer than 136 versions of this allegory, the latest being that for Abyssinia, last year. Many versions have been promoted by American Societies; and it is claimed that the total number of different languages into which the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated is not less than 200. John Bunyan, if he were alive today, would be mightily amused to see the illustrations of some of these editions, showing the immortal characters of his story as real natives of the country in native dress and surroundings. Some of these pictures are

made from photographs of native dramatic performances of the incidents in the books.

The importance of suitable pictures in the books for backward races is obvious. This need, too, is being supplied through the consecrated skill of artists who are making pencil and brush their instruments of service to God for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

And this brings me to my last point. It is not enough to have foreign missionaries engaged in this work. Native authors must be found and encouraged. It is not enough that these should be good translators of good books from other languages. Living literature is wanted, born in the native mind and expressed in native forms. From missionary colleges are coming scholars who will be able to give to their people in their own native tongue what has been given to us in the English Bible as a great national classic. Happily there are some, though still too few, Asiatic and African Christian authors whose original writings are being read by the people of their own race. They are making their own valuable contribution through literature to the fuller understanding by mankind of that living Truth of God in Christ which is so great and so wonderful that none of us of any race can exhaust it.

Enthronement of an Archbishop

Broadcast on April 29

THE ENTHRONEMENT of the Most Rev. Arthur Hinsley as Archbishop of Westminster began this morning with a procession of clergy. Members of religious Orders or Seculars preceded the new Archbishop, who entered his Cathedral in state at the West Door. What made this procession a very rare and special occasion was that in it there was carried by the Senior Canon, a stole of white lambs-wool—in itself nothing, but in its meaning and history, of immense significance. This was the Pallium, and it took us back across the centuries to the Roman Empire, to which historically it belongs, like so many ecclesiastical things. The clergy wear cassocks today because the cassock is the old Roman dress. Thirteen hundred years ago, when other people were adopting the short tunics of the barbarians, Pope Gregory the Great forbade the clergy to change.

The Pallium is of lambs-wool, signifying the pastoral office. It is laid on St. Peter's tomb, and is given by the Pope to Archbishops and Primates as the solemn symbol of their jurisdiction. It was first sent to England in 601 by Pope Gregory the Great to St. Augustine for the first Archbishop of Canterbury. For nearly a thousand years, from St. Augustine to Cardinal Pole of 1553, the Archbishops of Canterbury were all invested with this—the most solemn insignia of their office. In the Middle Ages, the veneration of the Pallium and the enthronement of a new Primate were combined into a single ceremony.

Today's ceremony began with the veneration of the Pallium, and was then followed by the enthronement of the Archbishop, and the rite used was that used in 1414 when Archbishop Chicheley entered Canterbury Cathedral with the Pallium. But the congregation this morning were recalled from their thoughts of Anglo-Saxon and mediæval England when the new Archbishop gave his address. He is a Yorkshireman by birth, who lived much of his early life near London, but the last twenty years he has divided between Rome, where he is head of the English College, and Africa, where he has been Vicar Apostolic in East Africa, and he covered a wide field in his address, speaking particularly of the foreign Missions, and reminding his hearers that a third of all the Catholic Missions in the world are under the British flag. He spoke warmly of British Colonial Governments, with whom he has worked. He spoke also of the coming canonisation of two Englishmen and, of the King's Jubilee, so it was very fitting that the High Mass which closed the ceremony was the Mass of St. George, the patron saint of England. Ordinarily St. George's Day would have been celebrated last Tuesday, but Easter was so great a feast that the Saints, however grand, among whose days it falls, have to make way for it and transfer themselves to later days of the calendar.

At the end, the new Archbishop came outside the cathedral and showed himself to the crowds there. He had been the central figure fasting and preaching in a ceremony of two-and-a-half hours, but I think he struck all those who saw him as carrying his years lightly.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

New Eric Gill Sculpture



Half-relief, depicting the giving of sight to Blind Bartimaeus, sculptured over the porch of the King George V extension at Moorfields Eye Hospital by Eric Gill, as a contribution to the new building. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York will open the King George V Extension on May 16

The American Half-Hour

The Orderly City of Chicago

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

COODE: Chicago—the fourth city of the world—the second of America—stands just less than a third of the way across the continent from New York to California. The land surrounding Chicago is old as Adam. Thousands of centuries of decay and erosion have formed a great valley, one of the most fertile spots in the world. Chicago is at the extreme north-east corner of the State of Illinois and its noble skyline and green and white boulevards face the great Lake Michigan, on the other side of which is Canada. But this skyline is Chicago's shop-window. Behind it are the goods, the stores, the granaries, that make Chicago the nerve-centre of the United States.

Behind the movie-set which is Chicago's lake-shore there are endless miles of prairie and the monotonous, drab dwellings of the city's workers. An aerial map of Chicago is like a chessboard. The view to the west is a thousand straight streets, intercrossing for miles, and on their outskirts a factory or two, a frieze of gas—of petrol-stations. The small towns and cities that join on to Chicago west have no beginning and no end. They are just another bedraggled petticoat she takes to herself.

But here in Chicago are the nation's railroads, the world's dry-goods. Chicago is the crossroads of anybody coming and going across the continent.

History of Chicago

BARNES (an American): It's not every city that has the chance to rebuild itself in one life-time. In the grounds of the World's Fair last year there was a replica of the block house of Fort Dearborn, which even the grandparents of some Chicagoans alive today used to run behind to shelter from the Indians. And my father and mother were among the people who helped rebuild the entire city after the Great Fire here in 1871.

COODE: Not the least of the many surprises that await an Englishman visiting Chicago are the miles of lovely boulevards and symmetrical gardens facing the great Lake Michigan; to discover that it has supported its own permanent opera; to discover that a city which has shot its criminals down in the streets possesses outside of Spain the finest collection of El Greco's paintings in the world.

BARNES: If your hobby is packing meat, or child welfare, or French nineteenth-century painting, you couldn't come to a better place. That'll give you some idea of the different way people here go about their enthusiasms. Energy, tireless energy—it's Chicago's blessing and its curse.

SPEAIGHT (an English visitor): You mean, everything depends on what profession a man chooses?

BARNES: Right.

SPEAIGHT: When did Chicago begin to be itself, so to speak?

BARNES: Chicago was here a hundred years ago as an insignificant town by a lake. The huge area of the Great Valley, the Middle-West, was settled long before Chicago was anything at all. St. Louis and Cincinnati were the great towns then.

SPEAIGHT: Who were the people who settled in the Middle-West and Chicago?

BARNES: Uh-uh, careful now. It's necessary to make a distinction. The region of the Middle-West was first settled by people from the south, unsuccessful farmers who had heard rumours—lots of cheap and fertile land—Easterners who followed the route of the eastern lakes. It sounded to them like a paradise, as you'll see if you read any of the memoirs of the early settlers. Anti-slavery sympathisers moved up there because it was a free State. All these people settled among the small colony of French pioneers, in all those places with now anglicised names, like Detroit, Girardeau, Des Moines, and so on. But around the forties and fifties of the last century, farmers in the Middle-West began to notice a new species moving into the sleepy country towns.

SPEAIGHT: European immigrants?

BARNES: Sure, they came too—especially Germans and

Irish. But I was meaning the species that made Chicago what it is. Have you ever heard of a 'drummer'?

SPEAIGHT: No.

BARNES: Well, they were commercial salesmen. And most of them came from New York and New England.

SPEAIGHT: You mean that Chicago was practically a New England outpost?

BARNES: Right. Let's say a Yankee outpost. They started right in forcing trade as the Puritans had coerced people into religion. They looked at their log-town, planked roads over it for hauling wheat, made a canal, enticed lake freighters, sent out high-pressure salesmen into all the surrounding farms. It took a lot of time to bulldoze the farmers into accepting railroads. But before long Chicago was the rail-centre of the whole West. And then came the Civil War. And made Chicago.

SPEAIGHT: How do you mean, made Chicago?

BARNES: While the men in the Midlands were away on battlefields, the salesmen of Chicago sold to the old men and boys McCormick's Chicago-made reapers. The Federal government spared no money for its army. It made Chicago a depot for clothing, horses, iron, hay, corn, wheat. In four years of war, Chicago almost doubled its population. Before the War it had exported 16 million bushels of grain. In 1862, three years later, it exported 65 million bushels. With the gold came stone sidewalks, sewers, water systems. When Grant's and Sherman's soldiers came back home they found the old home town changed. Tradesmen and manufacturers were now the lords of creation. Five years later, the city woke up one morning to find itself in ashes. And then it had the chance, which London—say—missed, of rebuilding itself in one lifetime. Hence its magnificent waterfront, the symmetry of its boulevards.

After the fire it had the money and a fresh start. And these fine parks, the lake front, some beautiful buildings, innumerable institutes, and one of the first four universities in the United States are the result.

The Gangster, 1918-33

SPEAIGHT: This is grand. But will you think me crude if I ask 'what about the gangster'?

BARNES: Not a bit. He came with the general scramble, but it was a later scramble. The Great War and prohibition, I guess, are the parents of the Chicago that the newspapers know. Municipal affairs had to be neglected after we came in. The older inhabitants got rather cynical to see men making fortunes out of munitions. And the Soviet revolution made everybody scared of reform campaigns. When prohibition came, all the wrong people went into politics to make sure that liquor and beer would be sold in Chicago. The liquor organisations didn't remain liquor organisations—they became the political bosses. During Coolidge's term there was a fortune just around everybody's corner. And that's just about the worst time to expect any disinterestedness in municipal affairs. The rest I guess you know.

SPEAIGHT: I think I do, but how did city accounts, finances I mean, get so completely disorganised?

BARNES: Well now, just a minute. I'll find you the best answer I know. Somewhere in one of these *Survey-Graphics*—do you know the paper?

SPEAIGHT: No.

BARNES: You should. Ah, here we are. Here's a bit from an article by Milton Mayer:

'Chicago never asked for anything better than it got. Chicago never bothered to audit its accounts, to inquire, for instance, even in the pit of a depression, how paving and lighting and sewerage contracts were let; or how many men a payroll required; or why a \$7,500,000 Criminal Courts Building was located in the inaccessible heart of Tony Cermak's home ward several miles from the centre of the city.'

SPEAIGHT: Cermak?

BARNES: Yes, he was the Mayor after Bill Thompson.



'Not the least of the many surprises that await an Englishman visiting Chicago are the miles of lovely boulevards and symmetrical gardens facing the great Lake Michigan'



'The movie-set which is Chicago's lake-shore'—an unusual night view. The streaks of light are caused by fast-travelling motor-cars

SPEAGHT: Ah, yes.

BARNES: 'Or what happened to a \$60 million fund collected from street-car riders to serve as the basis of a subway fund; or how Democratic Boss Moe Rosenberg's junkyard happened to get 90 per cent. of all the utilities companies' business; or how Moe happened to contribute \$500,000 in two years to the campaign funds of mayors and aldermen and legislators.'

'Chicago assumed, like every old-line city, that its politicians were dirty. It knew, of course, that its criminals were dirty. But by the time it got around to wondering if the politicians and the criminals were dirty together, the keys to the solution had been thrown away.'

There's an absolutely fair statement of that astonishing era. Thank heaven it was an era.

SPEAGHT: An era that's now over?

BARNES: Well, it's on its last legs. The depression left the whole rotten business high and dry.

SPEAGHT: And what about the life of the ordinary man in the street?

BARNES: Oh, if you'd been here six years ago you wouldn't have heard any pistols or parades. I've lived here all my life and I haven't a friend who's ever seen a shooting. The average citizen was safe and reasonably happy. The city looked exactly as it does today. But its rulers were corrupt. It was a brief but very intense period of Chicago history. But don't forget ninety-eight people in every hundred lived quiet, orderly lives . . . powerless to do anything but wait for a Roosevelt and a Richberg to start a purge.

Current Economic Affairs

Playing with Prices

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

Broadcast on April 30

LAST Wednesday, the United States Treasury put up the price at which it was prepared to buy silver, from 71 to 78 cents per ounce, and caused a burst of speculation in silver all over the world.

No one on this side of the Atlantic has yet been able to find any explanation of why President Roosevelt wants to buy more and more silver at higher and higher prices, except the perfectly reasonable explanation that he wants to secure votes in those Western States of America which are interested in producing silver.

It may be, of course, that people outside America cannot see any other reason than this for the American silver plan, because their telescopes are not large enough, but many people in the United States do not seem to have any better sight. Of course, no one here can object to the American Government favouring a particular section of the American population. In a sense this is their own business, just as in a sense, if a motorist chooses to risk his life by driving very fast, that is his own business. But if he drives on a road which is used by other people, he acts, to say the least, in an unneighbourly manner. Unfortunately for several other countries who drive with the United States on what used to be a common highway of international trade and finance, they still use silver as the basis of their currency, though silver hasn't been used for that in America for many years. China has been suffering growing inconvenience through American manipulation of the silver price. Mexico has had to call in all its old coinage and start a new currency. It is rather hard on all these other people who want to use silver for business purposes to find it being used for other purposes by someone else.

In speaking like this, I am not, of course, criticising the New Deal as a whole, or all that President Roosevelt is doing. He is faced by economic difficulties greater than anything of which we have experience, and he is attacking his problems with a courage and invectiveness that command sympathy, whether one agrees with every particular measure or not. But this silver buying seems to be just plain politics, which hurts other people for no good purpose.

Of course, also, in speaking of unneighbourliness, I am not suggesting that unneighbourliness in economic affairs is confined to the government of the United States. It isn't; we have done several things ourselves of late to lay ourselves open to the same charge. And playing with prices isn't confined to the United States either. By now, it is a pet diversion of governments all over the world; one merit of our British Government is that on the whole, it does rather less of this sort of thing than others. At one time economists used to talk of the world prices of the principal commodities, but for many important commodities, there has ceased to be in any serious sense a world price at all. Take, for instance, sugar, which has just been the subject of a very interesting report of a Committee in connection with our own schemes of subsidising sugar production in Britain. I am not going to say anything at present on the merits of that subsidy, though I may come back to it later. For some reason or other, sugar has always

had an irresistible fascination for politicians. They are no more able to keep their hands off sugar than a schoolboy can keep his fingers out of the jam-pot. Not more than 5 per cent. of all the sugar in the world is now produced without State assistance, and only 11 per cent. is sold in a free market. So that there really is not a world market for sugar. What is called the world price—the price of raw foreign sugar in London—now about 4s. 6d. per cwt., is almost certainly less than the cost at which even the cheapest producer in the world can produce. But most of the supplies which are sold at that price are dumped supplies, that is to say, they are supplies which producers in protected markets or subsidised by their governments can afford to dump on the free market at a price well below cost of production. The world sugar price, like the silver price, has become artificial, completely the product of political plans.

Look at an even more important article than sugar, namely, wheat. Here also, the governments of the world have been so busy that it has become almost foolish to talk of a world price of wheat. As a result mainly of protective measures, the price of wheat in some countries is four times the price of wheat in other countries. The price of bread—the main product of wheat and the most important price to most people in Europe and America—shows the same fantastic variation. A four-pound loaf costs just about three times as much in Germany as in Britain, and four times as much as in Belgium, and there is a complete range of prices in between according to the degree and form of protection given to agriculture. Another time I shall say something more about the question of agricultural protection and its causes. I suspect that in the last resort the causes are about as political as the reasons for the American silver plan. Meanwhile, I suggest that we should begin at last to ask ourselves where we think we are getting to with all this playing about with prices. Prices are intended to be an indicator of whether a particular article can advantageously be made in the place and by the process by which it is being made. Prices are like a thermometer, and if you combine it with competition, you get something like a thermostat—an automatic regulator of the economic mechanism, encouraging the production of things for which there is an effective demand and discouraging the production of others, serving the comfort and convenience of consumers. But if one is to use prices in that way, it is essential to leave them alone, to give the regulator a chance. An economist's chief complaint against the world today is that the world at large is playing with prices and not allowing the regulator to do its work. The Americans have a story about a man who went into a room and looked at the thermometer, which was somewhere well below freezing point. 'Gee', he said, 'it's cold!', and put his thumb on the bulb of the thermometer till the mercury rose to summer heat. Then he took off his coat and died of pneumonia. I wonder sometimes whether some of the people who think that pushing up prices is a royal road to prosperity really know more about the economic system than that man did about thermometers.

A Cricket Bat in the Making

By R. WOODROFFE

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I hauled a very dusty cricket bag out of the attic. After digging down through layers of sweaters and pads and last year's socks I at last ran my bat to earth and pulled it out of its green baize cover. It was a heavily scarred old veteran, but to me it had always been just a piece of wood shaped like a bat. In fact I'd no idea at all of the artistry that had gone into its making—at least not until the other day when I got the chance of going round a place where bats are made. I wouldn't exactly call it a factory, because that would give you the idea of jerky pistons and whizzing belts, with trees going in at one end and bats plopping out like cigarettes at the other. It was more of a workshop—almost a studio really, because every man working there was an artist.

I suppose everybody knows that bats are made out of willow. But it has to be a particular kind of willow—the bat, or close-close-barked willow as some call it. And the best of it comes from East Anglia.

The manager of the works who showed me round buys all his willows himself. And that's a job which takes years to learn. He buys the trees standing. Then, when the sap has fallen, about October, they are cut down and sawn into logs. They are then probably about twelve to sixteen years old.

We saw some of these rolls of timber—they are about three feet long—arriving in the yard. Here they are what is known as riven into clefts, and each cleft will eventually make one cricket bat. The man who does this looks over a roll for a second or two and then shoves it up on its end. Then he places the edge of his axe on the sawn end, his mate swings a heavy maul and splits the log. In under a minute he had split that log up into clefts. I must say it looked very easy and mechanical, the way he did it, but it isn't. He must consider all sorts of things—the grain, where it will split best—irregularities or knots in the tree—and this he tells from the bark. And he also has to get as many clefts as possible from each roll, without wasting any of it.

In the corner of the yard was a lean-to shed, ankle deep in chips and shavings. Here a couple of men were shaping the clefts, which had just been riven. They used heavy axes with edges like razors. I watched one of them for sometime. He would take up one of these clefts—slices of wood with the bark still on—glance at the grain, feel the weight of it, then chop away, carelessly it seemed, until the bark fell away and you saw something like the blade of a cricket bat actually taking shape under your eyes. A few deft strokes, and there was the 'chopped' blade, as it is known technically, of gleaming white wood. This man has to decide before he starts his chopping which side is going to be the face of the bat, and which the round. In fact, he can see the cricket bat, as it will be, in each cleft and much depends on his eye and judgment.

The whole of the yard was covered with stacks and stacks of these chopped blades which are left there to season for nearly

two years, and at the end of that time the 'chopped' blade, looking rather grey and weatherbeaten, is taken off to be 'drawn and made' as they call it.

We left the yard, and went up into a sort of loft—a long room with benches along the walls. The floor was covered in shavings, white and shining. There was no noise, only the silky sound of very sharp knives shaving off pieces of the wood.

In this room the chopped blades were being shaped. Let us

watch a workman for a minute or two. He picks up one of these blades and balances it in his hands for a second. Then he looks it over, squints down the edges, and he has already decided in his mind just what kind of a bat it will make. He clamps down the blade and gets to work with a drawknife—a two-handled affair with an edge like a newly-ground razor. He pulls the knife towards him, shaving off long strips of the wood. Every now and again he unclamps, and twirls the blade in his hand to get the feel of it again. Wherever you look you see workmen getting the feel of the bat as it goes through each process. As he works easily and quickly, you see the actual bat appearing as if by magic. The back takes that graceful curve, the edges get rounded. He shaves off a bit here, unclamps, squints down the edge, and a shaving comes off there. Then he balances it again and decides there is a little too much wood in the back for it to be perfect and off it comes. By this time the blade is gleaming white again.

On some blades I noticed that a tiny piece of the surface hadn't been touched and it showed up black against the white. They call this the workman's 'witness'. And it means that when the blade is inspected before going on to the next process the workman says, 'I've done what I can with this, and it isn't my fault if the shape and balance aren't perfect. It's the fault of the original cleft. It's a bit of wood, that's all, and even I can't turn it into the perfect bat'. You see, the edges may be too thin, or the grain run off at the side, or the back may not have enough wood in it.

In the middle of the room is a press. When the blade has been shaped, the presser takes it on. He examines the grain and feels the wood with his thumb, and then knows the right pressure to put on it. Some blades require less pressing than others. Before it has been pressed the wood is as soft as putty; after pressing it can stand a full blooded drive off Larwood. He only presses the face—you can see the wood moving under the pressure, like indiarubber, then he hammers the edges and leaves the back alone.

Away in one corner, there is a screeching sound, where a man is cutting the place for the splice, with a circular saw; that is the only thing in the works that is not entirely done by hand. In another workshop, leading out of the one where they are working on the blades, they are making handles. The room seems full of gluepots and the smell of boiling glue.

Handles are made of cane, and the best cane comes from



In a cricket bat factory: shaping the blade

Sarawak—from the depths of the jungle. They are glueing together bunches of these canes with strips of indiarubber in between like a sandwich. These flat-sided bundles of glued cane are taken to a small workshop where a grave, white-haired old gentleman, looking rather like a dignitary of the church, works by himself. On his bench is a small lathe. He fits a handle into the lathe and starts it spinning. Then he picks up a chisel with the air of a master. There is a shower of chips and, as he takes away the chisel, the bunch of canes is already round. Then he seems to give a few delicate touches with his chisel, and when he stops the lathe for a second, a bat handle, shaped and perfect, is lying there. He does scores a day and each one is perfect. Forty years he has been with the firm, 'and good for a few more', he adds, with a grave episcopal smile. When he has finished with the square bunch of canes the handle is shaped and ready to be fitted and bound. You'd never believe it was just a bunch a few seconds ago. You can't see a join anywhere. We left the old man intent on a new handle, using his chisel with a touch as light as a feather, and went down to yet another room.

Here the handles and blades were being joined, and it seemed to me that there was more skill in this process than in any other I had seen—and each process up to date had seemed more like a conjuring trick than the last.

One of the men was just starting to fit a handle. This is an extraordinarily delicate business—he uses only a drawknife and chisel—but when the handle is in you can't feel the join. To show you how accurate this man is, they told me of a cricketer who had used his bat for three months until one day the blade flew off. He was furious and sent the bat back to the firm. But they were rather pleased than otherwise. You see, some workman had forgotten to glue the handle, but the fitting was so perfect that even without the glue it had stood three months of hard cricket.

When the handle has been glued in, the bat goes for a final shaping and then to be polished, though that hardly seemed necessary. In a small room, thick with fine dust which had turned the men's hair white, they were sand-papering the blades and handles, and the final polish—that smooth gloss—is put on with a reindeer bone, like a pair of boots. Then we went off to see the handle bound. The whole bat is fitted into a lathe again. At the top of the handle a small noggin of cane has been left untouched and this fits into the machine, and at last I saw the solution to a mystery that had puzzled me for years. I mean that little hole at the bottom of every bat. At my prep. school, we firmly believed that it was there so that the oil could soak up into the blade. Actually, the hole is made by a fitting on the lathe. The bottom of the bat is kept in position by a small spike which causes this hole as the bat is spun round. After the binding, the last operation is done by a boy who sits there slicing the square noggins off the ends of the handles.

'Now we'll show you the grading', said the manager, and we went up to his office. First he looked at the grain and colour of the wood; then he felt the weight and balance, and decided whether it would do for a cheap club bat or an England cricketer. Then it went off to be stamped with a hot iron, and it was ready for the village green or Lord's.

I must say, I felt rather awed by the skill and artistry of everybody there. The workmen were proud of the work—proud to be producing perfect bats which might one day be scoring hundreds for England (or Australia) in the hands of a Bradman or a Hobbs. It was craftsmen such as these who built our cathedrals. As I came away I could hear the crack of the clefts still being riven in the yard, and I thought of all the care and skill that goes into a bat from the time it's a willow growing in the ground until it leaves the works, stamped and shining and still alive.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns.

Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a nom-de-plume

German Youth Discussion

The tone of Mr. Vyvyan Adams in his talk with Herr Benemann was rather unfortunate. It did not tend to encourage the emergence of the main differences between German and British values. I suggest to Mr. Adams that, in practice, we are apt to forget that a conditional obedience is an indispensable means to worth-while ends. A conditioned freedom is another means. The difficulty is how to reconcile these two in practice. Freedom lacking co-ordinated aims dwindles into a bickering anarchy of futility. Herr Benemann explicitly stated that Germany puts cultural considerations first. Therefore, debate on the following lines might have been useful: (1) Is the notion that cultural supremacy is compatible with commercial supremacy an illusion? (2) Is the *laissez-faire* commercial system the modern equivalent of the slave work on which Greek culture flourished and faded? (3) Is any culture, so founded, adequate for the evolutionary struggle? (4) What are the precise counts in the Nazi indictment of the German Jew? (5) What is the essential Nazi contribution to culture? (6) Assuming that culture is inevitably conditioned by geography and race, how are international cultural adjustments to be contrived? (7) Do cultural ends and means call for periodical revision, bearing in mind that we live and learn, *i.e.* evolve? (8) How does the Nazi movement view the Socratic dictum that virtue is understanding? (9) Does not the average person, in practice, treat culture as a Cinderella to be fed on scraps? Has Hitler any plans for adult education? Is biology one of the subjects? (10) Pre-Nazi Germany produced a Bismarck and a Hitler: does the present regime preserve those favourable factors which bred them?

Harrow

H. G. MARTIN

It is difficult to write temperately of the astonishment which all intelligent Englishmen will have felt at the ineptitude and discourtesy of the exposition of what purports to be the British point of view given in the German Youth discussion. The self-satisfaction of the letter which seeks to justify it in the same

issue is even more deplorable, and I sincerely trust that something can be done to show Herr Benemann, and his friends in Germany, that the average Englishman is not so incapable of making a contribution to the anxious problem of European peace as he would be justified in assuming from his lamentable experience at Broadcasting House.

Ventnor, I.O.W.

ROBERT DRAGE

I do not agree with the correspondent who described Mr. Vyvyan Adams' attitude to Herr Benemann as 'hostile' in the recent discussion on Germany. I thought the questions quite fair and representative of what many English people are thinking and puzzling about. It may be perfectly true that Germany wants peace today, but what of tomorrow? What are her aims for the future? The military training of German youths may be chiefly as a means of discipline today: but what justification is there for making elementary education militaristic? Teachers are compelled to teach *Mein Kampf* in all the schools. No other interpretation of history or ethics or philosophy is allowed. This bending of the twig while it is green and pliable, this manipulation of the immature mind in order to produce a rigid mental bias, is a great injustice to the child, and deprives it of all power of judgment and choice. It is designed, no doubt, to prepare the rising generation to accept as inevitable the military training that will be forced upon it.

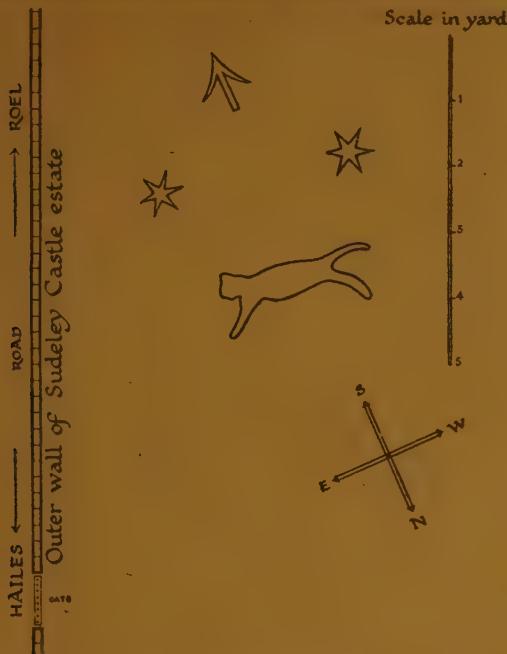
I know that Great Britain, and to a greater extent France, are responsible for the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles and that Germany has a strong case in repudiating that Treaty because it was a dictated one. Nevertheless that does not excuse the persecution of the Jews, and of the Evangelical Church. As to the 'thirtieth of June', murder is none the less murder because Germans choose to call it 'a purge'. It is possible, however, to have sympathetic and friendly feeling towards the German people, and at the same time to hate and deplore the iron system in which they are bound.

London, N.W. 11

EMMA A. FANCOURT

Conundrum from the Cotswolds

During the Easter holiday I spent my time walking about the Cotswold Hills. As you may know, this region is very deserted—in fact, during three days' walking I met only two other people similarly engaged, and they were on a road. The diagram which I enclose pictures very roughly and approximately (drawn from memory) some markings I found on a hill-top about four miles from Winchcombe. The figures were cut in the turf in open ground about twenty-five yards west of the high wall



surrounding Sudeley Castle estate. They were about 2 inches deep, very precisely cut, and the earth had been blackened by burning a fire over it to make the contrast between the figures and the surrounding grass more vivid. You will find the exact spot (if you are sufficiently interested) on the one-inch Ordnance Survey map of Cheltenham and district, close to the common line of squares D11 and E11. This is shown on the map I used as wooded, but the extent of the wooded area differs considerably from that shown on the map.

London, W.1

CAMPBELL NORTHCROFT

Direction-Finding by Sun and Watch

Mr. Gold is quite right in pointing out that the rough rule-of-thumb about finding the south with the watch and the sun has very severe limitations; but I think that, for the purpose in hand, Brigadier Winterbotham was fully justified in quoting it. After all, in reading a map in any ordinary circumstances, a tourist needs only to know approximately which is the north and which is the south, and even if he is as much as thirty degrees out he quickly corrects the error as he compares map and landscape.

For the layman who wishes for a more exact (or less inexact) method I find it best to get him to realise that at the North Pole the hour hand of a 24-hour watch that is held horizontally will follow the sun round the sky. At the Equator the watch must be held vertically with the face to the north. In Britain, which is in an intermediate position, it is held on the slant but nearer the horizontal since we are nearer the Pole. If now at, let us say, two o'clock in the afternoon, the man with the map can visualise a twenty-four dial in the sky tilted the same way as his watch and with the sun on the fourteen, he will have no difficulty in spotting the position of the twelve and, consequently, the direction of the south. When any such method is used on tour the exact time of noon can be ignored, certainly during the summer months.

I have assumed that it is not necessary to give directions for converting Summer Time into Greenwich Mean Time.

Forest Hill

E. J. ORFORD

Jubilee Decorations

A walk through the streets of London in these Jubilee weeks makes one cogitate rather seriously on the art of decorating a city. Is the present method the right one, or could something better be devised? I may be captious, but I am bound to admit that London at present makes me think of a restaurant dance-floor shortly after the singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' on New Year's Eve, when coloured streamers spread gaudily all over the place. Perhaps this is rather an exaggeration, for the London decora-

tions are at least orderly, while the restaurant streamers do not accord with any fixed design; but that, at all events, is the impression received by one Londoner. The point that I wish to make is that surely it ought to be possible to arrive at some better way of decorating a city. The aim on such an occasion should be to make a city look at its best, not just at its gaudiest. No one puts on fancy dress to attend an important festival, but London, with all these streamers trailing above the streets, seems to have put on its very fanciest dress for the purpose of celebrating the Jubilee. Flood-lighting is a different matter, of course, for flood-lighting definitely improves the nocturnal looks of a city. What I want to see is the spirit of flood-lighting carried into the daytime decorations. I frankly admit that I cannot offer any practical suggestion on how to achieve this end, but I have no doubt that some of your correspondents, who are always so ready to plunge into artistic controversy, will be able to explain how it ought to be done.

London, S.W.7

WILFRED GREYWELL

'A Pair of Organs'

Mr. Greening Lamborn says that in pre-Reformation churches 'there were generally two' organs. The expression 'a pair of organs' was quite common in former days; and did not mean two organs, any more than 'a pair of stairs' or 'a pair of bellows'—expressions which have lasted into our own time—signify two of a kind.

Plympton

L. J. Voss

Where the Cuckoo Lays Her Eggs

I have no wish to reopen the cuckoo controversy, but Mr. Pike's attitude to it in his article in THE LISTENER of April 24 seems very unscientific. He has made the common mistake of assuming that what some individuals do, all others of that species will do also. He has no doubt observed and photographed a great many cuckoos laying directly into the nest of another bird, but this does not constitute proof that all cuckoos adopt this method, especially when there is good evidence to the contrary. Sweeping statements, particularly in animal behaviour, are very apt to be subsequently disproved, and Mr. Pike is both rash and unscientific in saying that 'female cuckoos always lay their eggs direct into the nests', and 'cinephotography had smashed for all time the ancient fallacy. . . .'

Switzerland

D. S. FALCONER

Warning for the Unwary

Gypsy Petulengro, in THE LISTENER of April 17, recommends as a cure for lumbago pills made from Venice turpentine, which he says can be obtained from any good old-fashioned chemist. Without criticising the medical treatment, I should like to point out that the Venice turpentine now sold is an artificial product of linseed oil, turpentine and resin, not intended for internal use.

Stoke-on-Trent

E. CORNER

Sex Relations Outside Marriage

I think there is an answer, at least in part, to the questions raised for Miss R. W. Verner by the Rev. Hugh Martin's article. Unless the whole life is superficial, sex will be potent in life, if not for good then for ill. 'The lust of sexual intercourse, which arises from mere external form, and absolutely all love which recognises any other cause than the freedom of the mind, easily passes into hatred' (Spinoza: *Ethic*). No one, however prudently they mean to guard themselves and others, can be sure beforehand that they can restrict the effect of sex relations within such limits as they choose. The two people may both be so deeply affected that a tragedy results if they cannot share their whole lives, or circumstance may permit the sharing but one may be only lightly, whilst the other is deeply and irrevocably affected, and again there is tragedy. If people commit themselves to marriage they are at least more likely to gauge carefully beforehand the true nature of their affection. This answer would be even clearer if teachers were more obviously alive to the puzzle within marriage also. We know something of what Mr. Hugh Martin means when he tells us that individuals must have regard to society. What will it mean to say that we must each also have regard to God? How can we 'co-operate with God in creation' unless we enquire into something other than and beyond ourselves? If we try to explore and explain a relation between contraception and what we conceive of God as a creator, is the question simple and easy because we are married? To acknowledge a problem within marriage would greatly reinforce our sense of the serious and difficult problem outside.

Balliol College, Oxford

E. LINDSAY

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Ten Thousand Public Enemies. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Lovat Dickson. 8s. 6d.

ENGLISH PEOPLE whose knowledge of the United States is confined to what they read in the newspapers often regard that country as dominated by crime and criminals of the most vicious character. This volume presents such a wealth of facts, figures and sensational descriptions of the American crime problem as almost to convince its reader of the truth of the popular exaggeration. The 'ten thousand public enemies' are those élite of the three million criminals in the files of the Federal Division of Investigation 'whose capture must be made by armed men', and whose arrest takes the form of a pitched battle in which machine-guns, automatic rifles and tear-gas bombs are used by both sides.

The writer records the long and dangerous process by which Federal Special Agents track down these hardened law-breakers, the 'shooting-it-out' affrays which then take place, and often result in the successful escape of the gangsters, the prison-breaks (accompanied by further slaughter) which the criminals who succumb to arrest and incarceration seem to find small difficulty in engineering, the retirement to 'hideouts' where protection by the gangsters' 'molls' and by a vast network of 'hoodlum' hotel-keepers, night-club owners, attorneys, doctors and garage men is readily forthcoming, and the sorties to commit more outrages and rob more banks which lead to renewed machine-gun battles with the police. Dillinger, Al Capone, 'Baby Face' Nelson, 'Pretty Boy' Floyd and 'Machine Gun' Kelly are the principal artists in the writer's collection; and anyone who is curious about their manners and methods will find these vividly and accurately described. Mr. Cooper has been a crime reporter for more than twenty-five years, and his account bears the stamp of authenticity and wide acquaintance with his subject, as well as a congratulatory foreword by the present Director of the Division of Investigation. He leaves no doubt in the mind of his reader as to where he considers the source of the current fluorescence of American crime to lie, or what he considers to be the solution to the present state of affairs. The vicious 'tie-up' between State politics and State law-enforcement agencies, a system which allows ex-convicts to control State police forces, State attorneys to accept the bribes of bank-robbers, and State parole-boards to allow seasoned murderers their freedom after a few months' imprisonment, is the root of the evil. The solution lies in galvanising public opinion to protest against these conditions, and in a further development of the powers and resources of the Federal Division of Investigation. That body, still barely ten years old as an effective instrument, is already, according to Mr. Cooper, stemming the formidable tide of crime and corruption and steadily reducing the ten thousand public enemies to a more manageable number.

Fifty Years in Public Health

By Sir Arthur Newsholme. Allen and Unwin. 15s.

The triumphs of the Public Health Service pass so automatically into the conveniences of everyday life that a reminder of how they were achieved is salutary. In this book Sir Arthur Newsholme describes some of the advances secured or furthered by him during his long and distinguished career. The account makes demands on the reader's attention, for the author writes with a certain austerity and seldom permits himself to dwell on the really dramatic aspects of medical discovery. Almost the only time he hints that he enjoyed a personal triumph is in the account of his fight to control typhoid fever when he was Medical Officer of Health for Brighton. A brilliant piece of detective work led him to incriminate the local sources of shell fish. The necessary safeguards aroused the usual opposition and he was threatened with personal violence by the fishermen. However, an oyster supper party fortunately resulted in three of the guests developing typhoid; one of them being the Chairman of Public Health Committee—who came under Sir Arthur's care in the hospital. He states, 'no further opposition' occurred; but there is nothing to suggest the patient did not recover.

In almost every case the control of disease has needed two campaigns, one for the discovery of the cause, and another for the application of the remedy. Sometimes the latter has been the sterner of the two. Sir Arthur toiled for years to get tuber-

culosis made a notifiable disease before he could persuade even his own profession that notification was a necessary step. When the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis was founded in 1898 the late Lord Salisbury is quoted as saying 'Nothing is more striking... than the absence of all desire that the powers of the law should be brought in to carry out the objects of the Association. This is a snare they will carefully avoid. They must be content to preach the salutary doctrine which they hold, and must not think of applying the secular arm'. It took another fifteen years to change this point of view and enable something like an accurate estimate of the number of sufferers to be made.

Sir Arthur writes perhaps most interestingly on the changes he has seen and helped forward in the protection of children's health and happiness. He discusses the enormous reduction in the infant death-rate—one of the most interesting puzzles of modern medicine, for no one knows for certain how it has come about and it has defied statistical analysis. Here the suggestion is made that the better education in matters pertaining to health of the schoolchildren, who in turn became parents about 1912, has been as important an influence as anything. His insistence on the importance of good health in the mother is not yet accepted as widely as it should be. The least successful part of the book is the chapter on some of the pioneers in State medicine, for it somehow fails to convey that they were indeed outstanding men. A second volume dealing with more recent advances is half promised. It is to be hoped it will soon be written.

The Art of the Novel. By Henry James

With an Introduction by Richard P. Blackmur. Scribners. 10s. 6d.

To many people, there is something almost shocking in the idea that novel writing is an art reducible or (as one may prefer to put it) attainable to such terms as *The Indirect Approach*, *The Dramatic Scene*, and *The Time Question*. In England, for the most part, admiration is accorded only to novelists who 'let their characters run away with them'. That is the tradition of the English novel, and Mr. H. G. Wells has pointed out in his *Outline of History* that it is a very creditable tradition, having roots in such loosely formed but undoubtedly masterpieces as *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius and the *Satyricon* of Petronius. But Henry James set himself against this tradition. To him, if there was life in the novel, it was in the organic form of the story itself, 'the amount of felt life presented'. These introductions to the New York Edition of his works, he therefore sums up as a 'plea for Criticism, for Discrimination, for Appreciation on other than infantile lines—as against the so almost universal Anglo-Saxon absence of these things'. They are too, in a sense, the culminating achievement of his life. In order to write them and prepare the edition, he not only re-read the whole of, but he also re-wrote a large proportion of his fiction, and it was filled with this sense of the re-creation of his life's work that he wrote the critical Prefaces. They contain some of the most important criticism in the language, criticism which, in delightful asides, often extends to literature outside its immediate subject. No more comprehensive account of the aims of the novel has ever been made. And to the admirer of James they will seem an exciting spiritual autobiography. For the chief problem of James's life was that he was doomed to be an exile. His approach to Europe was that of an American, and to America also he became an outsider. His achievement, which is the key to his art, and even to these prefaces, was to create from this very disqualification the theme that runs through most of his books, the theme of the 'international situation', the meeting of the two worlds, the new and the old.

This serious and difficult book should not be recommended entirely without qualification. In the first place, it was written when James was getting old, and it is in his most mannered and difficult style. To some readers this style will offer the attractions of great poetry, but to the majority it will merely seem disconcerting. Secondly, this book is in no sense an introduction to James, a kind of 'James without Tears' to tell readers what the novels are about. Indeed, it is an Epilogue rather than a Prologue to his work, a 'James with Tears'. The title of the volume does, however, give a perfectly accurate account: this is a book on the art of the novel, even more than it is a book on the art of Henry James. For this reason, no one who is really interested in the

Methuen

7s. 6d. net SPRING FICTION

MEANS TEST MAN

by WALTER BRIERLEY

"Simple, forthright and excellent . . . the reading public ought to make it a best seller."—*Evening News*. "I wish everyone would spare a little time from their Jubilee celebrations to read this book."—J. B. PRIESTLEY.

THE HOBOGLIN MURDER

by KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

Of all the many people who hated her, who actually murdered Prudence Fetti, the cantankerous old spinster? Lynn Macdonald finds a very strange answer to the problem, which the *New Statesman* calls "a triumph of deception."

SILVER TARES

by DOROTHY CARUS

A pleasant story of village life in the South Tirol, where the author has lived for many years. "First-rate; her writing is picturesque and atmospheric . . . she can bring a landscape to life."—B.B.C. *Fiction Talk*.

36 Essex Street, London, W.C. 2

NEW BOOKS

SHAKESPEARE'S BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE AND USE OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

As exemplified in the plays of the First Folio. By RICHMOND NOBLE. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Noble's book marks an advance. It is a complete refutation of the view held by a well-known man of letters, that "Shakespeare was often a metaphysician, never a theologian, nor, for that matter, a Christian."

The Land of Jesus

SACRED SITES AND WAYS. STUDIES IN THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE GOSPELS

By GUSTAF DALMAN, D.D., Professor of Theology at the University of Greifswald. Authorised translation by P. P. Levertoff, D.D. With numerous maps. 12s. 6d. net. A work of unusual richness and most solid thoroughness.

THE STORY OF CHRISTENDOM

By CAROLINE M. DUNCAN-JONES. With illustrations and maps. Part 3. Just out. The expansion of Christendom. 2s. 6d. net.

Already published. Part 1. The Making of Christendom, 2s. net. Part 2. Reformers in Christendom, 2s. 6d. net. The complete volume, cloth boards, 6s. net.

FORTY-FIVE TALKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES

By P. C. SANDS, M.A., Headmaster of Pocklington School. Paper cover, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

THE BIBLE IN THE CLASSROOM

A Four-Year Scripture Syllabus. Mainly for the Lower and Middle Forms of Secondary Schools. By the Rev. J. H. CARTWRIGHT, Assistant Master at Forest School, Walthamstow. With an Introduction by the Rev. Prebendary CHILTON; formerly Headmaster of the City of London School. 3s. 6d. net.

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,
Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

And of all Booksellers.

Lists gratis and post free.

3RD impression of Einstein's
THE WORLD AS I SEE IT.
"It gives a picture of Einstein as a German, Jew, man of science, pacifist, lover of liberty, mystic and world-famous mathematician," says *The Times*.

3 new titles in the XXth Century Library. 3s 6d each:

HEALTH by Dr. Edgar Obermer

COMMUNISM by Ralph Fox

DESIGN by Noel Carrington

13 volumes have now been published in this series. A prospectus giving details of published and forthcoming volumes will be sent free on application to the publishers.

Between Oxus and Indus

By Col. R. C. F. SCHOMBERG

Author of *Peaks and Plains of Central Asia*

"Fascinating. . . . The whole book is a joy. . . . Entrancing"

COMPTON MACKENZIE (*Daily Mail*)

"Not only very engaging and readable in itself . . . but a succinct and accurate picture painted in a most human and sympathetic manner. . . . One finds oneself wishing that there were more of everything" *Times Lit. Supp.*

"Full of interest. . . . An authoritative addition to our knowledge. . . . The photographs are excellent" *Manchester Guardian*

"A really intimate account of the people themselves" *Observer*

"A vivid and able description" *Morning Post*

With illustrations and map

15/- net

MARTIN HOPKINSON 23 SOHO SQUARE

novel as a form of art can afford to neglect it, or can fail to appreciate, when he has read it, the excitement of the last sentence of the Preface to *The Ambassadors*: 'the novel remains still, under the right persuasion, the most independent, most elastic, most prodigious of literary forms'.

Mr. Blackmur, who is one of the best young American critics, makes a very good first appearance in England, in his Introduction to this volume. It is difficult to imagine how his task could have been bettered. He shows a remarkable appreciation of James, and he states the main theses of the introductions in an analysis which is at once complete and lucid.

Science: A New Outline

By J. W. N. Sullivan. Nelson. 5s.

Mr. Sullivan, already well known as a writer of popular scientific works, here presents after the fashion of the times an outline of modern scientific thought, physical and biological. In recent years there have been so many similar works that it is a matter for surprise that there is any room for another. But this outline is considerably different from others with which the reviewer is familiar in that it carries simplification to its lowest limit. Indeed, it seems to us that neither Mr. Sullivan nor anyone else could have made the road easier for the general reader; and the book can be warmly recommended as providing a suitable introduction to the larger and more detailed surveys that have been written for the scientific layman.

Mr. Sullivan begins with an account of the modern scientific knowledge of the Earth, discussing what is known about its dimensions, constitution and motions, and what seems its most probable origin. Gravitation, weight and mass, the laws of motion, the constitution of matter, atoms and their structure, radiation, light-waves, spectra and the general facts of electricity and magnetism are then dealt with in a brief, but thorough, manner. And so we come to the old familiar point in such works as these, the place where the dawning *Weltanschauung* of tomorrow is displayed before our eyes. Mr. Sullivan is here a very able expositor and what he has to say in this section on 'atoms of radiation' and 'waves of matter' and the recent advances in these revolutionary theories is very well said; and he does his best to deal in a popular way with the theory of relativity and the deductions made from it, but, like all authors of works of this kind, he cannot be expected to depict the unpicturable. The second part of the book is a very interesting and well-written outline of modern biological thought. Here Mr. Sullivan writes of the living cell, the development of life, the laws of inheritance, the chromosomes and genes, the various kinds of living creatures, the history of life on earth, the process of change, the life cycle and the equilibrium of nature. The illustrations have been well chosen: and the book is a very suitable one for those who, without any scientific training, wish to understand something of the achievements and implications of modern science.

Epithalamion. A Poem by Ida Graves, with wood-engravings by Blair Hughes-Stanton

The Gemini Press. 30s.

Polyphiloprogenitive would be an inadequate word to suggest the sensual splendours of this work. The sustained lyrical carnal exuberance of its contents will not commend it to everybody; but besides being a striking *curiosa* for the bibliophile, and a swagger piece of printing and bookmaking, it is, as we shall see, of unusual technical interest. Many people will have seen these wood-engravings, one of which was reproduced in THE LISTENER recently, at the time of Mr. Hughes-Stanton's exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery. Some people may have read stanzas of this poem, too, as they appeared in our contemporary *Life and Letters*. Even considered apart and singly, it will be conceded by those who saw them that these compositions have a certain impressive grandeur; yet, so considered, they cannot fail to dis-satisfy those accustomed to judging verse and pictorial art by fairly severe standards. Mr. Hughes-Stanton is an illustrator of vivid fancy and inventive power, and a wood-engraver of immense technical resource, with a command of his medium second to that of nobody living; but he is not very subtle or compelling as a draughtsman. Nor is Miss Ida Graves, with all her evident passion for sumptuous language, among the most interesting or even readable of living poets. Her verse is often turgid, sometimes pompous, supercharged with unessential and merely decorative imagery; her manner is compounded of Shakespearian and Miltonic reverberations ('the quick and custom of her blood') overseasoned with such epithets as 'lambent',

'plangent', etc.; and her matter ('the stallion's hot intrepid power', and Woman: 'strange and inviolable in her ancient flood') exhales heady whiffs of the D. H. Lawrence hot-bed atmosphere. This is potent stuff to take neat, but it is obviously made to the hand, or the graver, of Mr. Hughes-Stanton, who, it will not be forgotten, once brilliantly decorated Lawrence's *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*. Here the collaboration has been much closer: 'the twenty-three page engravings were cut as the poem progressed, a drawing occasionally directing it', and these pages give the impression that poet and designer have been *en rapport* in a quite uncanny way. The illustrations not only illuminate the poem, which is not in itself even poetically lucid; they also give movement by (paradoxically) interrupting the rich and rather sluggish text. They divert the eye as it reaches 'the small irrevocable crown' offered at the end of each stanza; and that pleasant diversion fills a necessary pause. Much more effectively than the poem, too, the engravings give the epithalamion a proper sense of sequence. The principal pictorial motives (aside from the obvious Freudian symbols on which most of the compositions seem to be based) are a hand, looming through successive drawings to an outsize close-up, the recumbent figure of a dusky nude bride, gradually faded out, and a pear or pomegranate in which visions take shape as in a clairvoyant's crystal. Though probably altogether too priapic for the general taste, this volume should not be ignored by those interested in new art-forms. It constitutes one of the most successful collaborations since Gilbert met Sullivan, and confirms one's suspicion that such partnerships are best when the partners are not of the first order. More minor artists might pair in this way to produce work of far from negligible significance, for where two can act in harmony, the result is indeed a product, and not a sum, of their respective qualities.

Garibaldi: The Man and the Nation. By P. Frischauer Nicholson and Watson. 18s.

This is a very readable book, more readable, perhaps, for those who like their history to be picturesque than for those who want to know 'why things happened in such a way, and not otherwise'. Mr. Frischauer knows all the facts of Garibaldi's life, and describes them clearly; though the style and manner of his book hardly bear comparison with Professor Trevelyan's work on the same subject. The European background is a little blurred at times, and an English reader familiar with the story of the Risorgimento will notice that Mr. Frischauer misses more than one chance of showing the part played by this country in the making of Italy. It is remarkable that no details are given, in an English book on Garibaldi, of the meeting of Garibaldi with Mr. Gladstone. This meeting was interesting and dramatic; Mr. Gladstone indeed saved Garibaldi from being exploited all over England as the latest sensation. Garibaldi admired Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Gladstone described Garibaldi as 'one of the finest combinations of profound and unalterable simplicity with self-consciousness and self-possession'. The two men were almost contemporaries; there is an astonishing contrast between the setting of their lives—particularly in their youth and early middle age. While Mr. Gladstone was reading Dante and Homer and St. Augustine in twenty-two folio volumes, Garibaldi, a ship's captain in the Republic of Rio Grande do Sul, was being tortured by suspension from a beam in an obscure and bloody corner of South America. Garibaldi is a perfect subject for the historian of the nineteenth century in search of men of action. The politicians and diplomats of the period are difficult to disentangle from the *paparasse* under which they are buried in the public archives. The captains of industry seem, for all their daring, to be working only for themselves. There are few victorious soldiers other than the bleak heroes of the Prussian army. Most of the rebels are tiresome people; the greatest of them, Karl Marx, is even bleaker than a Prussian general. Garibaldi is handsome, debonair, gallant, romantic; a patriot with all the emotional fervour of the convert (he only learned Italian in his ninth year, and, in the chances of things, he might well have been a Frenchman rather than an Italian). He stands out in the history of the Risorgimento, and is likely to stand out in greater prominence than Mazzini or Cavour as the world grows more sophisticated, and no place is left for the older type of fighting man. A singular good fortune saved Garibaldi from the humdrum business of government and administration. He made gross political mistakes when he drifted, or rather sprung lion-like, into the centre of politics; but he remained the fighting man. There is no tinsel about his career, no borrowed finery, nothing of the jejune sentimentality with

which sundry modern idols of the people have surrounded the 'battles' of their variegated political past. The men of the Homeric poems would have made a friend of Garibaldi. What would he think of Italy today? Mr. Frischauer wisely keeps to the past, and to the facts of the past; but his book enables one to understand a good deal about Italian history since 1919.

The Mongols of Manchuria. By Owen Lattimore

Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.

We live in an age of tension. Everybody discusses the menace of war and nobody ever suggests any valid reason why the machinery of peace should break down. The great nations have acquired or are acquiring armaments on a scale that makes 'We want eight and we won't wait' seem but the modest demand of a distant age. The confused situation in Europe is paralleled by the threatening position in the Far East. What is all the sabre-rattling about? What does it portend? What is the scope of a constructive understanding which will pour oil upon the troubled waters? Such are the questions of plain men everywhere at the present time. To find answers to them is none too easy. Formulas and slogans that purport to be answers are common enough, but penetrating and objective analysis is rare. Mr. Lattimore's book belongs to the small and select group of books which really explain things. *The Mongols of Manchuria* is based on hard and personal inquiries as well as on the reading of books and specialists' material. It provides admirable maps and a disciplined text. It shows how Mongolia acquired importance as a potential storm-centre in world-affairs—the 'Manchurian question' in the form symbolised by the State of Manchukuo, says Mr. Lattimore, is a completely senseless product of violence unless it means the opening up of the far more comprehensive question of Mongolia. Exactly what that more comprehensive question is it is the purpose of this book to explain. The relationships of the scattered Mongolian tribes, who inhabit a territory nearly as big as the United States, with China, Japan and Russia, are explained in their economic setting and against a clarified historical background. The Mongol territories in Manchuria, organised in the autonomous province of Hsingan in Manchukuo, are described in adequate detail, so that the meaning of Japanese policy stands out clearly. Mr. Lattimore succeeds in showing the Mongolian problem not only from the angle of Russo-Japanese rivalry but from that of the Mongols themselves. Thus he explains why Mongolia is the key to Far Eastern destinies. 'There is no telling when or how, or on what frontier, a tribal war may start in Mongolia. Still less', he writes, 'can it be foreseen how far that war might spread. The powers of the world may plan for peace, but Manchukuo was fashioned under the star of war, and the star shines now towards Mongolia. Empires, in the end, are masters of the men who build them: you cannot claim a great destiny and then refuse to follow it up'. This is a book which should be read and discussed.

Church and State in England in the Eighteenth Century. By Norman Sykes. Cambridge. 21s.

The story of the Church of England between Anne and Victoria is not a field which has naturally attracted many historians. Professor Sykes has had few competitors for the long-distance journey along this dusty road and has made a real contribution to history with his elaborate and careful study. It was pre-eminently the century of ecclesiastical whitewash, because whitewash was not only cheap but symbolised the commonsense pedestrian view of the purposes Churches existed to fulfil. But the eighteenth-century establishment is not whitewashed in this book. The author is scrupulously just. He brings forward and gives full weight to much that more summary accounts have ignored or failed to dwell upon sufficiently. On a wider canvas he reinforces the impression which readers of Parson Woodforde's Journal have gained of much quiet and amiable parochial work by worthy country clergymen who did not perhaps aim very high, but whose virtues 'walked their narrow round, nor made a pause nor left a void'.

It is with the higher clergy that the major criticisms of posterity are concerned, and a great deal of this book is devoted to studying the extremely close relations between the ruling aristocracy and the Episcopal bench. The Bishops were important members of the then much smaller House of Lords, and were co-opted into the ruling class as they showed merit, or were close relations of the great. Like the Bishops in Stuart,

and, for that matter, earlier, times, they resided most of the year in London, between October and June, and they were not expected to be in their dioceses except for a few months in the summer. Four months was as much as anyone could manage, with the difficulties of travel off the stage-coach roads; the duties of visitations, etc., were not easy for elderly and comfortable men and were, in fact, very often grossly neglected. Successful prelates were made to earn each step and the lower bishoprics were not very valuable in themselves, but like under-secretaryships, were stepping-stones. In his chapter on 'The Ladder of Preferment', Professor Sykes traces with an interesting wealth of detail the stages from being tutor in a nobleman's family, through the small loaves and little fishes to the great ones, which the assiduous, the courtier-like and the men prepared to be uncritical supporters of things as they were, might hope to pass through. It was not a matter only of passing from smaller to larger plums, but of putting as many plums as possible into the basket. Pluralism was rife and accepted, and the same man—if he was, for example, brother to Lord Chancellor Thurlow—might be both Bishop of Lincoln and Dean of St. Paul's.

Vested interests and the necessity for a separate Act of Parliament for each alteration of parish boundaries made the structure of the Georgian Church singularly inelastic to meet the shifting of population in the later part of the century. Methodism, enjoying much greater freedom, filled the void in many new centres. Some of the liveliest of Professor Sykes' pages (for his is a solid work) deal with an abuse, now unfamiliar, the infesting of the countryside by strolling curates 'wandering', wrote Tenison, 'for better subsistence from Parish to Parish, even from north to south'. Curates were so wretchedly paid that they were driven to a migratory life, and 'for a crown, or at most a guinea, would marry anybody under a hedge'. Dean Swift's essay on the 'Fates of Clergymen', wherein the dunce Corusodes succeeds by base methods and the worthy Eugenio ends in stagnation and poverty in the most desert parts of Lincolnshire, pointed to the most radical defect in church organisation—the way promotion, even in the ranks, was not the reward of merit. So Doctor Johnson in 1775: 'No man can now be made a Bishop for his learning and piety, his only chance for promotion is his being connected with somebody who has particular interest'. The kind of teaching, as equally the kind of learned writing, which alone received commendation and the smiles of the influential, was, in consequence, of a tepid worldly-wise character which made very thin the line between religion and worldly prudence.

Odd Jobs. By Pearl Binder. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Every great city must produce a great many strange and complex patterns of existence, lives apparently unrelated to the general social system. Miss Binder has made a collection of ten such patterns, all quite independent of each other. Her book might be said to resemble a human zoo; in it there are presented the lives and works of an ostler, a phrenologist, a boxer, a Bohemian, a jeweller, a whore, a gypsy girl married to a Chinese running a Pukka Poo agency in Limehouse, and a dictionary compiler; and there are also accounts in it of what goes on in a bell-foundry, and behind the scenes at Madame Tussaud's. All the queer characters in this book are said to be transcribed from life, and indeed three of them—Madame Stacpoole O'Dell of the Institute of Phrenology, Ludgate Circus, Mr. Moysheh Oyved of Cameo Corner, New Oxford Street, and Mr. J. E. Mansion, the dictionary compiler—can be verified by anyone whose curiosity is sufficiently aroused. Miss Binder is likely to be successful in arousing her readers' curiosity, for apart from the attractiveness of her material, she writes in a fresh, lively style, and her illustrations, lithographs and drawings are vivid and eloquent.

In spite of the generally light tone of the book, however, a certain amount of social criticism can be read between the lines, as those acquainted with Miss Binder's previous work might expect. Having been well entertained, even the most unaware will close the book with a vague feeling that all cannot be well with a society producing such manifestations as the amusement park which transformed the old East End ostler's yard, the extraordinarily useless life of the party-haunting Bloomsbury aesthete, and the *poule de luxe*, as Miss Binder calls her, following the fluctuations of the stock-market around Europe. Considered apart from this, the book seems rather purposeless, for it inclines too much towards journalism to be of value as a document.

New Novels

Love in Winter. By Storm Jameson. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

We Have Been Warned. By Naomi Mitchison. Constable. 8s. 6d.

Story in America, 1933-34. Edited by Whit Burnett and Martha Foley. Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THE first two books in this list are essentially criticisms of contemporary society cast into an imaginative form.

There is a good deal of this kind of criticism too in the third volume, which is a selection of short stories from the American magazine, *Story*. In this critical temper these three books are not at all exceptional, for most of the better fiction at present is concerned more with social than with personal problems; this is what mainly distinguishes it from the fiction of ten years ago, which was almost exclusively concerned with personal problems. Personal problems can be treated impartially as mere aspects of human life, as inevitable riddles which life has always presented and will always present. Social problems exist to be solved, and the novelist who writes about them has generally a solution up his sleeve. Having that solution, he will naturally wish to make it known and persuade his readers to adopt it; he will not be able, in other words, to resist doing a little propaganda. Yet these three books show very clearly that the more he resists this wish the more effective his criticism of society will be. There is a good deal of direct criticism in Miss Jameson's book; there is a great deal of it in Mrs. Mitchison's; there is hardly any of it at all in *Story in America*. Yet from one or two stories in that volume one is given a far clearer idea of the evils of present-day society than from either of the other books. This is simply because these stories confine themselves to statement, and the clear statement of an evil is the best way to make us realise its nature. To erect a theory on that statement circumscribes it and robs it of its force; for it may put the reader in the position of agreeing with the statement while rejecting the theory.

There is not very much theory in Mrs. Jameson's novel, and it is conveyed indirectly through the heroine Hervey Russell. Hervey Russell is a very attractive mixture of strength and weakness, with a sturdy Yorkshire passion for freedom. She finds her own liberty and that of the people she knows being infringed on every side by various factors, economic, political, conventional; and she sees that this is not only an undesirable but also a dangerous state of affairs, since it might easily lead to violence. She sees disaster ahead if society does not take thought for the future. Her novel is a completely honest and very intelligent piece of work. Where it fails thus far (this is only the second volume of a long work entitled *The Mirror in Darkness*) is in statement. Miss Jameson's statement may really be boiled down to some such generally accepted opinion as that society is out of joint. Miss Jameson has chosen to demonstrate this fact by showing us a whole collection of people's lives which are out of joint. These people are drawn from various classes: the fashionable class, the business class, the political class, the literary and artistic class, the working class. In all these classes there is something out of joint; yet nobody could tell, after an attentive reading of this book, what that something is. The point at which society actually goes out of joint is not reached, it seems, by this method; but Miss Jameson maps out with great intelligence and skill the circumference of the problem, and annotates effects with a truthfulness and penetration which are beyond praise. If her intention was to awaken the sleepyheaded reader, then she has succeeded brilliantly. But her novel is not a real criticism of society because she never states what is wrong; she merely states that everything is wrong. Perhaps, however, she has begun on the periphery so as to work in to the centre in her later volumes. As a criticism of the evils which she feels so intensely the book is highly unsatisfactory; as a picture of whole sections of contemporary society it is far above the average. Miss Jameson presents a score or so of characters, some of them merely etched in, some of them drawn with the most acute justice. Hervey's first husband, Penn, who figured in *Company Parade*, is probably still the best of them. Nicholas, the second husband, is thus far hardly so successful; his continual vacillations produce a sense of redundancy; one feels one is being shown the same man at the same stage over and over again without coming to know anything more about him. Some

of the new characters, too, seem to have no convincing reason for their appearance, such as the young awkward woman novelist, D. Nash, who utters a few embarrassed sentences and is described as a genius. There is so much passion, sincerity and intelligence in the book, however, as well as so much good sense and good writing, that it deserves to be taken on trust for the present and certainly to be read both by those who are interested in fiction and by those who are concerned for society.

We Have Been Warned presents one with a weltering flood of theory. Mrs. Mitchison, too, is convinced that society is in a bad state, but what really interests her is various theories that have been put forward for setting it right. To these theories her response is a purely emotional one; she does not enquire which fits the case, but which gives her the most emotional satisfaction. The heroine, Dione Galton, is attracted by the Labour Party and by Communism, and she idealises both in turn without being able to decide between them. Indeed she idealises everything in this way; the Scottish Highlands, the life of the working classes, Soviet Russia, her marriage relations, herself; and as most of the action is seen through her eyes, the result is a uniform distortion of life which makes it difficult to believe in anything that is described. Perhaps the most convincing character in the book is the young Communist Donald Maclean, who murders a newspaper proprietor and escapes with Dione's help to Russia. But he quickly fades to a wish-fulfilment under Dione's influence, and even acquires a Bloomsbury vocabulary. Mrs. Mitchison is concerned with the most serious and important problems in this book; but this is how she treats them. Dione is reflecting:

I can follow leaders sometimes, during action; I can follow Tom, for instance, but only because I have made up my mind beforehand that it would be a good thing to do. Good? Good? No, that's a word I can't allow for the moment. Why do other people follow leaders? Lenin, Jesus, Mussolini, Napoleon, Hitler, Alexander, Socrates. The sons of God. No woman, of course . . . There wouldn't be. Not yet. Wait a million years, Dione. Though, after all, is it a specially good thing to be a leader? (Good again! These dear old moralities.)

The unreality of this monologue is reflected in the actual events in the story, for example, when Dione encourages her husband to have a love affair with a young Russian girl and deceives herself that she is not jealous, and when she makes up her mind to behave to the repressed young Communist like a 'Socialist woman'. Easily the best chapter in the book is the last one, in which Dione has a vision of what will happen to society if the forces of good-will are defeated. This chapter is good simply because there is no trace of wish-fulfilment fantasy in it. But the rest of the story is so sentimentalised that it is an object lesson in how not to write about serious things.

There is a great variety of short stories in *Story in America*; but except for Tchekov and Bunin the names are mostly contemporary and mostly American. The best known of these are Mr. William Faulkner and Miss Gertrude Stein; but the best stories are by writers whose names I have never seen before. There is a brilliant story called 'Pioneers! O Pioneers!' by Mr. Daniel Fuchs, for instance. It is quite short, and tells how two bus transport companies in the Western States fought out their differences by employing gunmen and how the winning firm finished by being controlled and owned by the successful gunman. The whole history of racketeering is implicit in this short story, as well as a complete philosophy of history. There is another story, 'Ex-Champion Nailer', by Mr. Wessel Hyatt Smitt, equally good in its way, which tells how factory life influences the feelings and thoughts of a workman when he first comes to it. Both these stories confine themselves to mere statement, like most of the others in this admirable volume. It should be read by everybody.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Three Men in the Snow*, by Erich Kästner (Cape); *The Carreta*, by B. Traven (Chatto and Windus); *Young Renny*, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan)—all at 7s. 6d., and *The Camberwell Beauty*, by Louis Golding (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.).